

Terror Grips The Night When **DEATH STALKS THE BAYOU**

ANC



NIGHTMARE

No. 12
TEN CENTS

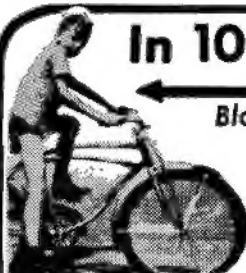


IN THIS ISSUE...

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

**The HORROR on the
S.S. MALABAR**

Joe
Kubert



Ken Grimm BEFORE mailing coupon

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful
SKINNY SHRIMP
to this

NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED

HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!

Now, Buddy **YOU**

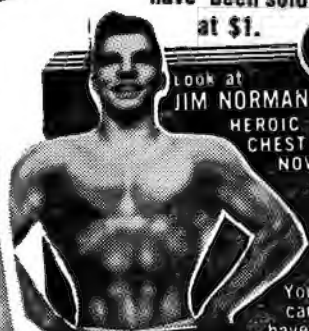
Mail the Coupon below as I did!

May be **LAST CHANCE** before \$1 price goes back!

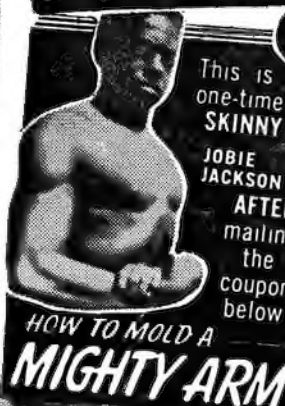
GET ALL THESE PICTURE-PAKED COURSES
5 FREE

If you mail coupon NOW!

Millions have been sold at \$1.



Look at **JIM NORMAN'S** HEROIC CHEST NOW!
You can have it



HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY ARM**



HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY BACK**



HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY GRIP**



HOW TO MOLD **MIGHTY LEGS**

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I just

GAINED 35 NEW LBS.
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add **10 inches** to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5 Courses** (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN**
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. PR-45

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

HOW YOU

CAN WIN A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP
as I just did
and how to
WIN \$100.



"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN!"
-R. F. Kelley
Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PHONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

Death Stalks *the* Bayou



"SOMEWHERE IN THE STEAMING BAYOU COUNTRY OF LOUISIANA LIES THE LOST CITY OF SAN MIGUEL. I HAVE SEEN IT ONCE, AND IF I LIVE, I SHALL FIND IT AGAIN!"

I MUST FIND IT! PERHAPS THERE... IN THE DISTANCE... OR NOWHERE.

PLEASE...HELP ME! IF I FAIL, THEN SAN MIGUEL WAS NOTHING BUT THE PRODUCT OF A TWISTED SICK MIND...MY MIND.

"I AM JIM CANNON, A FOUR LETTER MAN AT LOUISIANA STATE U. BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1960, I TOOK A VACATION JOB AS A CENSUS TAKER... MY TERRITORY WAS AN AREA THE GOVERNMENT HADN'T COVERED IN ANY PREVIOUS CENSUS OF THE BAYOU!"

I'D BETTER PUT YOU DOWN AS...UNEMPLOYED, MR. MANETTE!



"EACH DAY TOOK ME INTO WILDER COUNTRY. THE DENSER THE SWAMP BECAME, THE MORE HOSTILE AND SUSPICIOUS WERE THE PEOPLE!"



...BE GLAD WHEN THIS JOB IS FINISHED! THESE PEOPLE MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A BILL COLLECTOR!



"THE OUTLANDER HAS NO BUSINESS IN THE SWAMP! WITH ALLIGATORS AND THE DEADLY COTTONMOUTH ON THE PROWL, MALARIAL MOSQUITOS AND RATS THREATENING ON ALL SIDES, YOU BEGIN TO HATE THIS DANK CRAWLING WORLD, AND TO IMAGINE IT HATES YOU! SUDDENLY, I FOUND MYSELF IN A SERIES OF CHANNELS THAT WERE NOT ON MY MAP!"



I MUST HAVE PASSED MY LAND-MARK! I'D BETTER TURN BACK. THERE CAN'T BE ANYONE LIVING IN THIS JUNGLE!



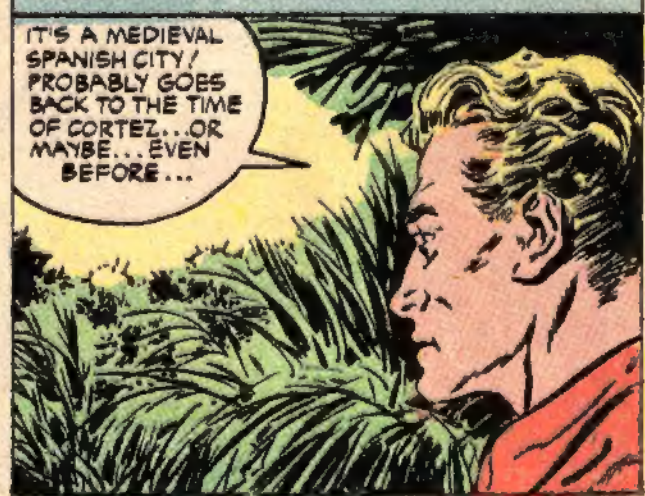
"I GOT UP TO LOOK AROUND, AND WAS SUDDENLY AWARE OF A LIGHT OFF TO MY LEFT."

GOOD HEAVENS! A CITY...BUT...



"ACCORDING TO THE MAP THERE WASN'T EVEN A SETTLEMENT THIS FAR IN THE INTERIOR! I TOOK A SECOND INCREDULOUS LOOK..."

IT'S A MEDIEVAL SPANISH CITY! PROBABLY GOES BACK TO THE TIME OF CORTEZ...OR MAYBE... EVEN BEFORE...



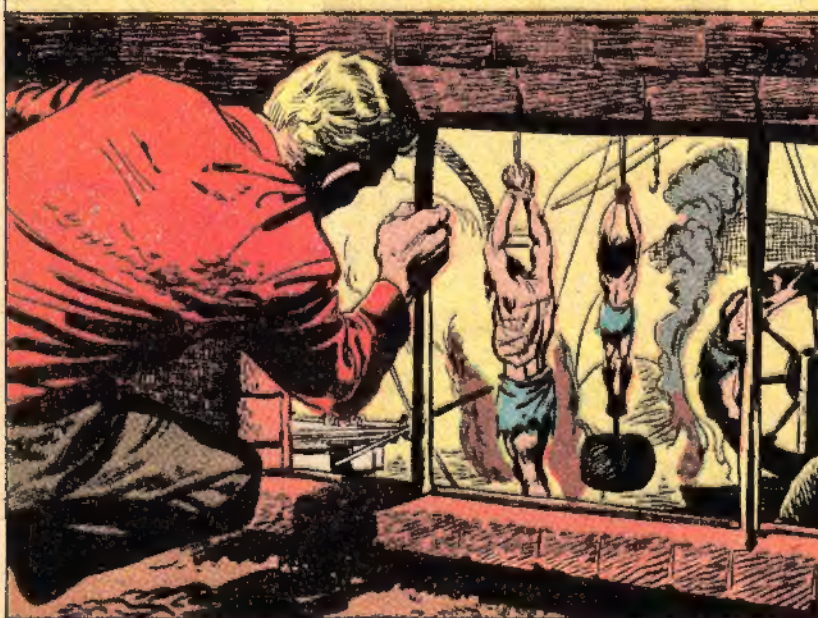
"WHEN I REALIZED WITH HORROR, THAT I WAS LOST... LOST IN THIS STINKING OOZE, PERHAPS FOREVER... UNLESS I COULD REACH THAT CITY! I HURRIED TOWARD IT!"



"BUT WHEN I REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS, MY EYES FELL ON AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT!"



"MY GORGE ROSE AS I LOOKED ON STUNNED, WONDERING WHAT MAD DESCENDANT OF TORQUEMADA HAD RESURRECTED THIS FIENDISH PICTURE! HERE WERE THE THUMB SCREW, THE RACK, THE HEAD PRESS, JUST AS REAL AND HIDEOUS AS THEY WERE FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!"



"THIS IS SICKENING! I MUST STOP THEM! I..."

"NO, SEÑOR! THAT WOULD NOT BE WISE! YOU WILL RAISE YOUR HANDS, PLEASE!"

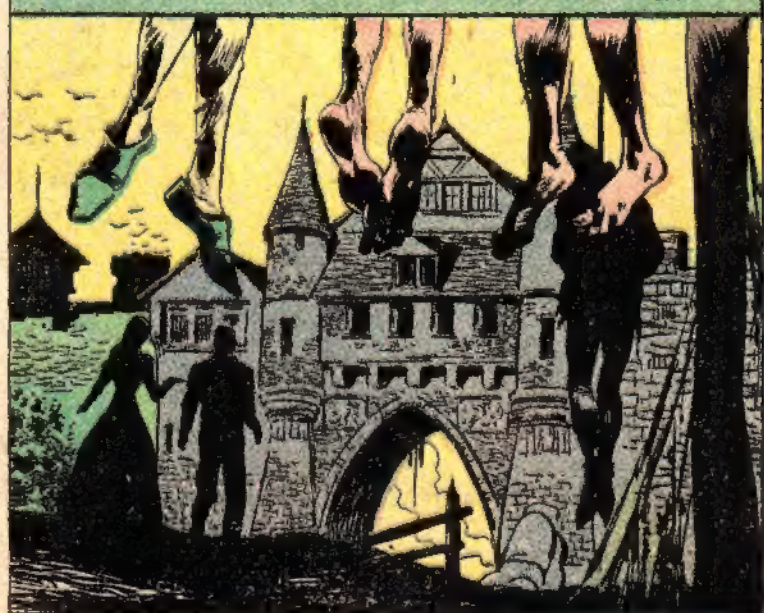


"I SPUN AROUND, AND MY STARTLED GAZE FELL ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN STRANGE DRESS, LEVELING A MUZZLE-LOADER AT MY CHEST!"

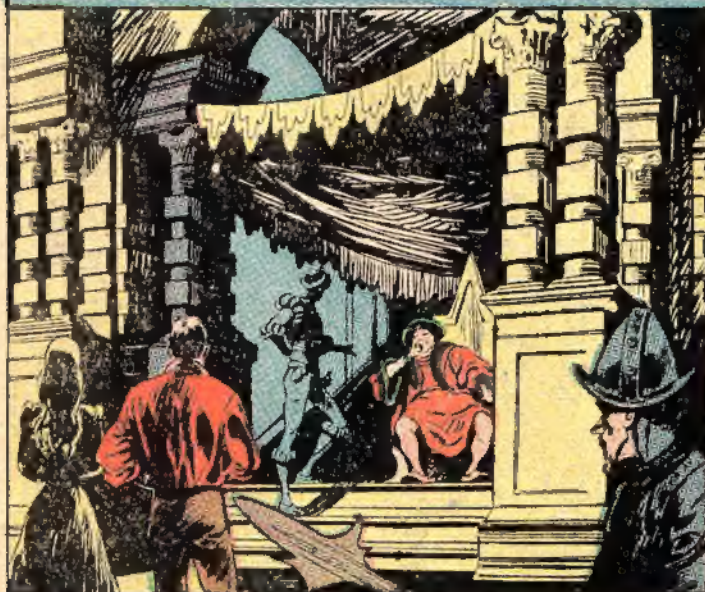
"BUT...WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT KIND OF NIGHTMARE IS THIS ANYWAY?"



"SHE SAID NOTHING, BUT WITH A NUDGE OF THE MUZZLE-LOADER LET ME KNOW I WAS TO GO WITH HER IF I WISHED TO LIVE! I TRIED TO GRASP WHAT WAS HAPPENING..."



"THE GIRL LED ME THROUGH A MAZE OF ANCIENT COBBLED STREETS AND INTO A PALACE LIKE NOTHING THE WORLD HAS SEEN SINCE THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA..."



WELCOME, SEÑOR, TO THE COURT OF DON TOMASO! SINCE YOUR RAIMENT IS NOT OF OUR TIME, ONE MAY ASSUME YOU ARE A STRANGER!

WHAT KIND OF AN INSANE GAME IS THIS?



NO GAME, SEÑOR! WE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY ARE VERY SENSITIVE TO THE ODOR, OR SHALL I SAY, STENCH OF THE OUTLANDER!

NONSENSE! THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! YOU'RE ALL DEAD...OR CRAZY!



TAKE OUR DOUBTING GUEST TO THE DUNGEON! PERHAPS HE WOULD BE MORE RESPECTFUL AFTER BEING SUBJECTED TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF MEN HE CHOOSES TO CALL DEAD!... OR CRAZY!



YOU'RE MAD! ALL OF YOU! I'M JIM CANNON, OF L.S.U., CLASS OF '51! YOU CAN CHECK WITH THE DEAN...! HEY... LET ME GO! STOP!

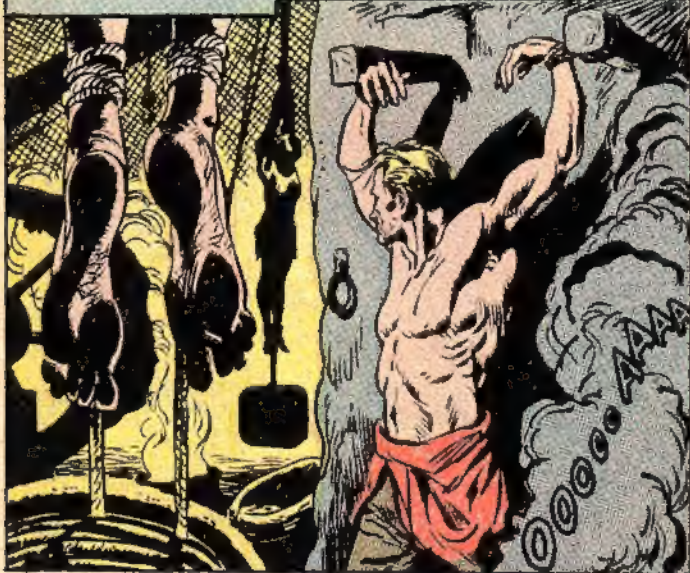
HA HA HA
HA HA HA!



"THEN ONE OF THE GUARDS SENT A PILE DRIVER TO MY HEAD, AND I WENT LIMP! I HAVE A HAZY MEMORY OF BEING DRAGGED DOWN A FLIGHT OF DAMP, SLIMEY STEPS, AND THEN I BLACKED OUT ALTOGETHER..."



"IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, DAYS FILLED WITH THE TORTURED SHRIEKS OF TOMASO'S VICTIMS, I LOST TRACK OF TIME! I ACTUALLY BEGAN TO WISH FOR DEATH...AS A WAY OUT OF THIS MADNESS!"



MUST GET OUT...LOSING MY MIND... LET ME OUT OF HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME!

"I FELT MYSELF SINKING INTO AN ABYSS OF RAGE AND PAIN! BUT...SOMETHING...A LOVELY FACE...KEPT REMINDING ME OF LIFE...CALLING TO ME TO HOLD ON!"



FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A STRANGE FIGURE IN A HOODED CAPE SUDDENLY APPEARED...AND UNLOCKED MY MANACLES!"

SSHHH! IT IS I, NINA! COME WITH ME! YOU MUST TRY TO GET AWAY NOW.



"BUT SUDDENLY..."

HALT! THE PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!

ALL IS LOST! THEY HAVE DISCOVERED US!

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WEAK FROM THE HORRORS OF THE DUNGEON...BUT I FOUND MYSELF FIGHTING WITH THE FURY OF THE POSSESSED!"



"BUT TO NO AVAIL! IN A MOMENT, I WAS SURROUNDED... AND NINA AND I WERE HAILED BEFORE HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, DON TOMASO. HIS PIG-LIKE FEATURES WERE CLOUDED OVER WITH CRUEL HATRED."

SO OUR GUEST REJECTS THE HOSPITALITY OF DON TOMASO! AND LITTLE NINA MENDOZA WOULD GIVE AID AND COMFORT TO AN ENEMY!

IT'S NOT HER FAULT... I FORCED HER TO HELP ME!



SO...MY GUARDS TELL ME YOU ARE A FIGHTER TO BE RECKONED WITH, SENOR CANNON! WE SHALL SOON SEE! I SHALL TRY YOU MYSELF WITH...

NO!



GUARDS! WE WILL HAVE SPORT! PREPARE US FOR THE TEST OF THE STILETTO!



"SUDDENLY, WE WERE POISED IN THE CENTER OF THE THRONE ROOM, AND A GUARD HAD SLIPPED A DAGGER INTO MY RIGHT HAND! TOMASO WAS GRINNING...PIGGISH...SELF-ASSURED..."

"THE GUARDS STRIPPED ME TO THE WAIST AND LASHED MY WRIST TO DON TOMASO'S. IT WAS TO BE SOME KIND OF ANCIENT RITUAL CONTEST... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT..."



ON GUARD!



"THIS WAS IT! DON TOMASO CAME IN WITH TWO OR THREE WELL PLACED LUNGES... AND I SAW AT ONCE...IT WAS A KILL-OR-BE-KILLED PROPOSITION...AND I WAS UP AGAINST A HIGHLY SKILLED...BUTCHER! OUTSIDE OF OUR HEAVY BREATHING, AND THE CLASHING OF DAGGERS, THE SILENCE IN THE HALL WAS COMPLETE. DON TOMASO WAS CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS AND I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM."



"THROUGH A NIGHTMARE OF UNREALITY, I SUDDENLY BEGAN TO SEE THAT DON TOMASO WAS USING BULL STRENGTH TO SUBDU ME, AND BY THE APPLICATION OF A LITTLE TWENTIETH CENTURY JUDO STRATEGY, I MIGHT SAVE MYSELF!"



"IT WORKED! I HIT A SMALL NERVE AT THE BASE OF THE NECK AND DON TOMASO WENT DOWN! I FELT A PRIMEVAL VICTORY CRY GURGLING UP IN MY THROAT AS THE WHOLE NIGHTMARISH ASSEMBLAGE SEEMED TO DANCE IN FRONT OF ME!"



"IT TOOK ME A SECOND TO GET MY BEARINGS! THEN I REALIZED THAT DON TOMASO WAS WOUNDED BADLY, BUT NOT DEAD... AND HIS MEN WERE BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A LYNCH MOB!"



"I WAS A DROWNING MAN, GRABBING AT A STRAW! I COULDN'T ESCAPE WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS STRAPPED TO MY WRIST, BUT USING MY DAGGER AS A PERSUADER, I DRAGGED DON TOMASO TO HIS FEET!"



"DESPERATELY I HURRIED THEM ALONG! IF I COULD REACH MY DUG-OUT, I KNEW WE COULD GET AWAY FROM ANY PURSUERS! BUT AS WE REACHED THE SWAMPS..."

OH, I BEG OF YOU!
PLEASE DO NOT MAKE
ME GO ON!

YOU FOOL!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA!



"I SAW THE DUG-OUT JUST AS NINA SCREAMED THE MOST BLOODCURDLING, DESPERATE CRY I HAD EVER HEARD! SHE WAS STARING, HYPNOTIZED, BACK AT THE CITY!"

HA HA HA HA HA

WHA...!

AAAGGGGHHH!



"I COULDN'T GRASP WHAT WAS HAPPENING! WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE CITY SEEMED TO BE CRUMBLING INTO THE SWAMP!"



"I WATCHED WITH HORROR AS THE DUST SETTLED AND DISAPPEARED, AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT EXCEPT THE ENDLESS WILDERNESS! BEWILDERED, I TURNED TO NINA..."

"MY MIND REELED! THEY HAD SIMPLY VANISHED...AS THE CITY HAD VANISHED! I WAS COMPLETELY AND STARKLY ALONE...AND AT MY SIDE THERE WAS NOTHING!... EXCEPT..."

"I'VE GIVEN UP HOPING I'LL WAKE FROM THE NIGHTMARE. I'M CAUGHT...SOMEWHERE BETWEEN NOW AND ETERNITY...LIKE SAN MIGUEL...WHERE EVERYTHING IS REAL...AND NOTHING IS REAL..."

YOU!...IN WHATEVER TIME YOU LIVE...
HELP ME...PLEASE!
I'M JIM CANNON...
HERE IN SUSPENDED TIME...AND I...
NEED...HELP...

NINA! WHA...
WHERE ARE YOU?
DON TOMAGO!
W-WHY, THEY'RE
GONE!

DUST!...BUT,
THERE IS NO DUST
IN SWAMP LAND!
NINA... (GASP)
I...

IT'S NOT TRUE! SHE
WAS FLESH AND BLOOD!
SHE LIVED! I'LL FIND
HER...AND I'LL FIND
THE CITY TOO! SOME-
WHERE.



THE
END

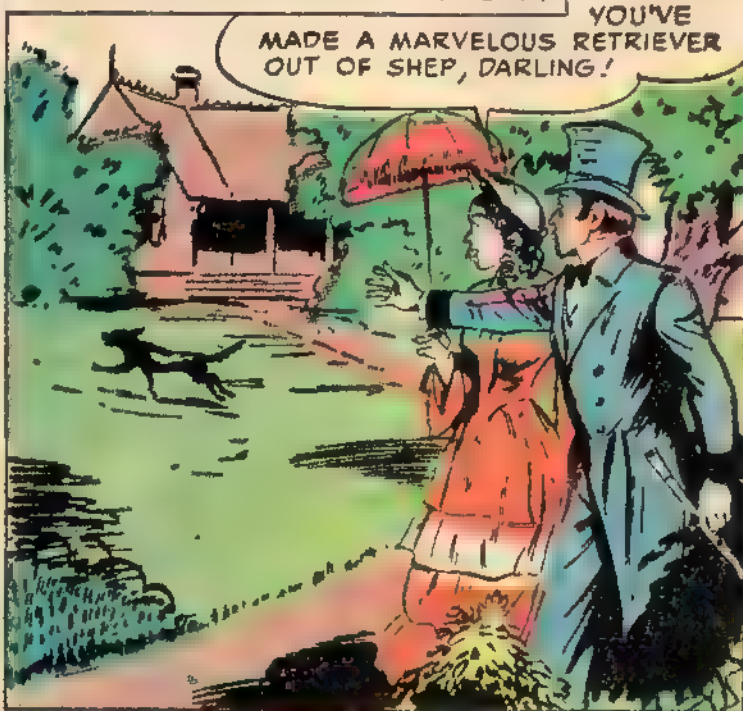
A MASTERPIECE OF HORROR, WRITTEN BY ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST WRITERS—EDGAR ALLEN POE'S MAGNIFICENT CLASSIC...

The BLACK CAT

THE DEATH HOUSE!
ONLY HOURS LEFT UNTIL
I **DIE!** WHY AM I HERE?
WHAT SERIES OF EVENTS
LED ME TO THIS CELL?
THERE'S JUST ENOUGH
TIME TO TELL YOU...

"AS A CHILD I WAS FOND OF ANIMALS. I MARRIED
EARLY AND WAS DELIGHTED TO FIND THAT MY WIFE
SHARED MY ENTHUSIASM FOR PETS."

YOU'VE
MADE A MARVELOUS RETRIEVER
OUT OF SHEP, DARLING!



"WE HAD BIRDS, GOLD-FISH AND RABBITS AS
PETS. BUT MY FAVORITE WAS PLUTO, A LARGE
LUSTROUS BLACK CAT!"

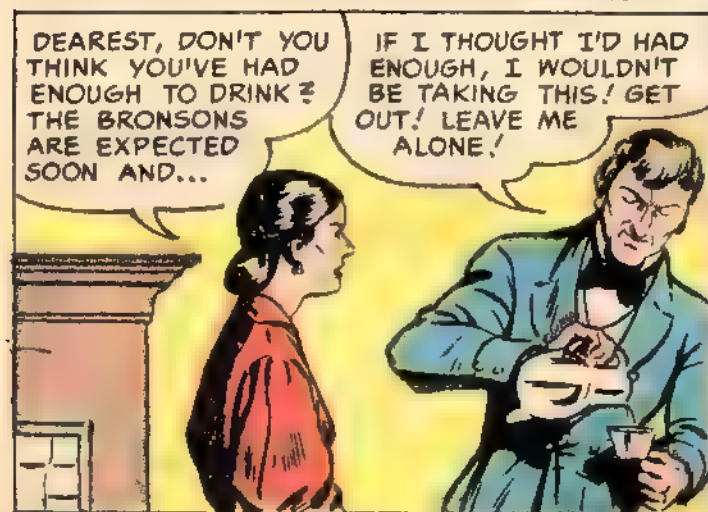
AH, PLUTO, YOU'RE
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
CAT IN ALL THE
WORLD!

PURRRRR!



FOR SEVERAL YEARS THE EVENTS OF MY LIFE RAN SMOOTHLY, BUT THEN, A SLOW BUT RADICAL CHANGE TOOK PLACE IN MY DISPOSITION!

ALCOHOL HAD ME FIRMLY IN ITS GRASP! I GREW MORE MOODY AND IRRITABLE DAILY. I EVEN COMMITTED VIOLENCE AGAINST MY WIFE!



I WAS FURIOUS WHEN THE CAT RAN FROM ME! I GRABBED HIM UP AND IN HIS FRIGHT, HE BIT ME...

THE ANIMALS ALSO SUFFERED DURING MY VICIOUS, DRUNKEN MOODS...

AS MY ALCOHOLISM GREW WORSE, EVEN PLUTO, MY FAVORITE PET, WASN'T SAFE FROM MY ATTACKS!



IN MY DRUNKEN RAGE I TOOK A PENKNIFE AND CUT OUT ONE OF THE POOR ANIMAL'S EYES!



WHEN MY REASON RETURNED THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS STRUCK WITH HORROR AND REMORSE AT MY CRIME.

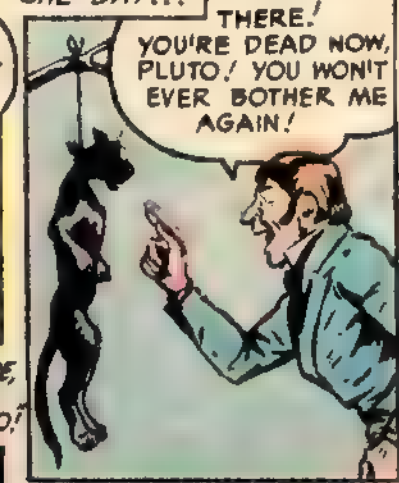


"THE CAT SLOWLY RECOVERED, BUT THE EMPTY SOCKET PRESENTED A FRIGHTFUL SIGHT! AFTER THAT NIGHT, HE RAN IN TERROR WHENEVER I APPROACHED HIM..."



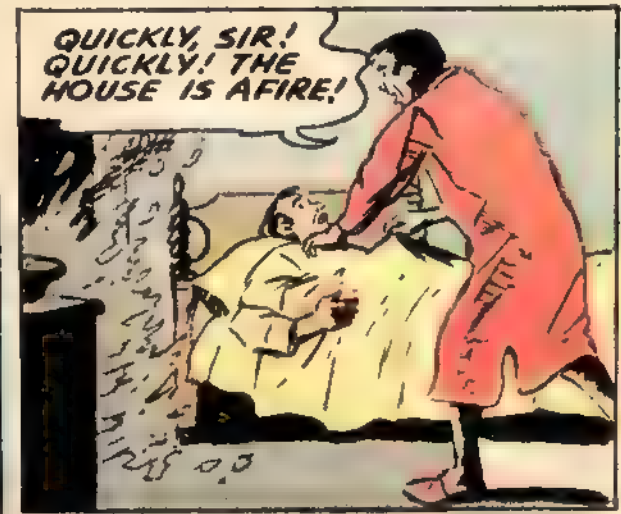
PLUTO, WAIT! I WON'T HURT YOU! I...

"BUT MY REMORSE DID NOT LAST. THE SIGHT OF PLUTO AND HIS HIDEOUS EYE BEGAN TO IRRITATE ME! MY IRRITATION GREW UNTIL ONE DAY..."



THERE! YOU'RE DEAD NOW, PLUTO! YOU WON'T EVER BOTHER ME AGAIN!

"ON THE NIGHT OF THE DAY I HANGED THE CAT, I WAS AROUSED BY A CRY OF FIRE. THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS BLAZING!"

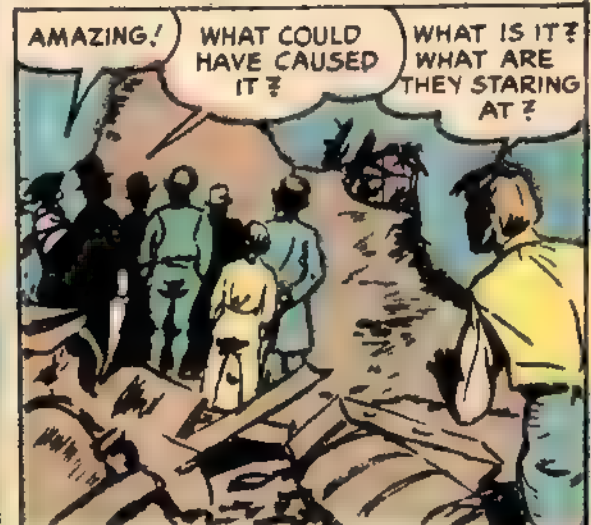


QUICKLY, SIR! QUICKLY! THE HOUSE IS AFIRE!

"WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE, MY WIFE, THE SERVANT AND I RAN FROM THE FIERY INFERNO!"



"THE FIRE SWALLOWED UP MY ENTIRE WORLDLY WEALTH! AS I RETURNED TO THE CHARRED WRECKAGE, THE FOLLOWING MORNING I SAW A CROWD GATHERED ABOUT THE ONLY REMAINING WALL."

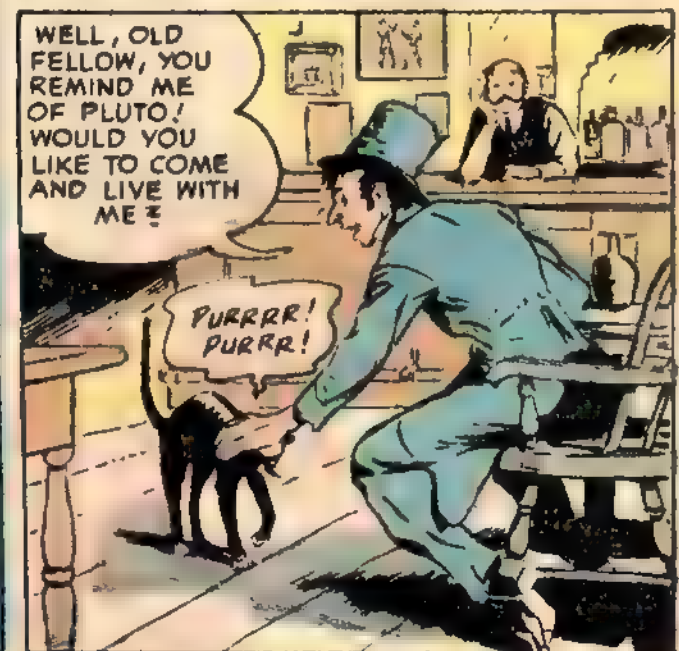


AMAZING! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED IT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE THEY STARING AT?



A-A-CAT! A CAT'S OUTLINE CARVED IN THE PLASTER!

"THE VISION OF THAT CAT TERRIFIED ME! WEEKS PASSED AND I SANK HEAVILY INTO DEBT. I FORGOT MY FEARS AS ONCE AGAIN I TURNED TO LIQUOR! ONE NIGHT I MADE A NEW FRIEND."



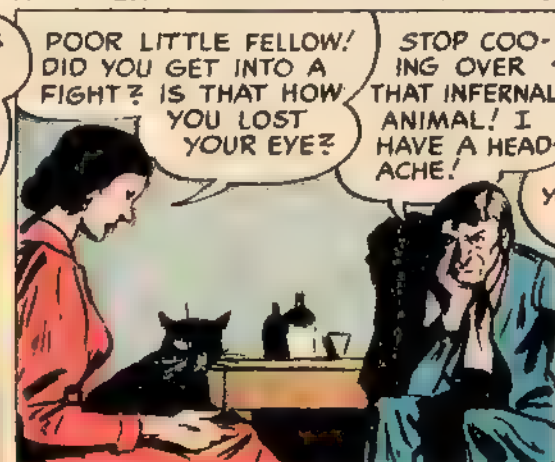
WELL, OLD FELLOW, YOU REMIND ME OF PLUTO! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME AND LIVE WITH ME?

PURRR! PURRR!

SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF MY ALCOHOL-SODDEN BRAIN, I FELT THAT IF I TREATED THIS NEW CAT WELL, I MIGHT ATONE FOR MY BRUTALITY TO PLUTO!

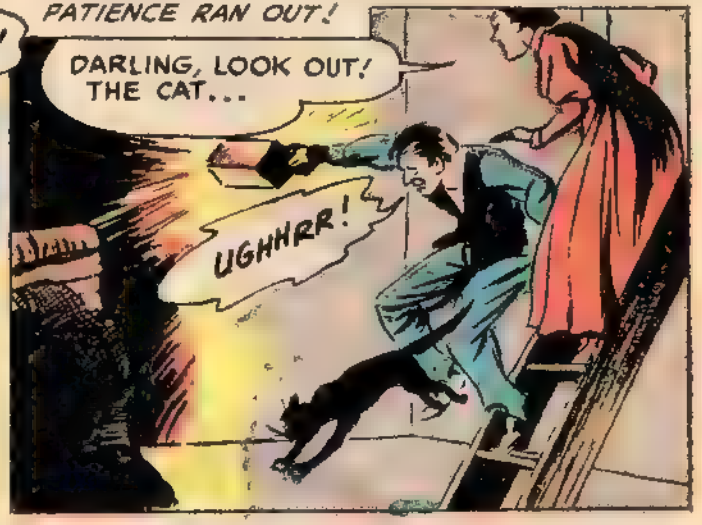
WHEN I AWAKENED IN THE SOBER DAWN OF MORNING, I WAS STRUCK WITH DREAD AND HATRED AS I LOOKED AT THE BEAST-LIKE PLUTO, THIS NEW CAT WAS MISSING AN EYE!

AS TIME PASSED, ONLY THE MEMORY OF MY FORMER CRIME KEPT ME FROM DOING PHYSICAL HARM TO THE CAT! BUT AS MY HATRED GREW, THE BEAST'S PARTIALITY TO ME INCREASED!



THE CAT HAD A WHITE SPOT ON HIS CHEST...WHICH SLOWLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIVELY BEGAN TO CHANGE! I WAS STRICKEN WITH HORROR WHEN I SAW THE FORM IT HAD TAKEN!

IT WAS ONLY WITH THE GREATEST CONTROL THAT I KEPT FROM RIDDING MYSELF OF THE CAT. BUT ONE DAY, AS MY WIFE AND I PREPARED TO DO A CHORE IN THE CELLAR, MY PATIENCE RAN OUT!



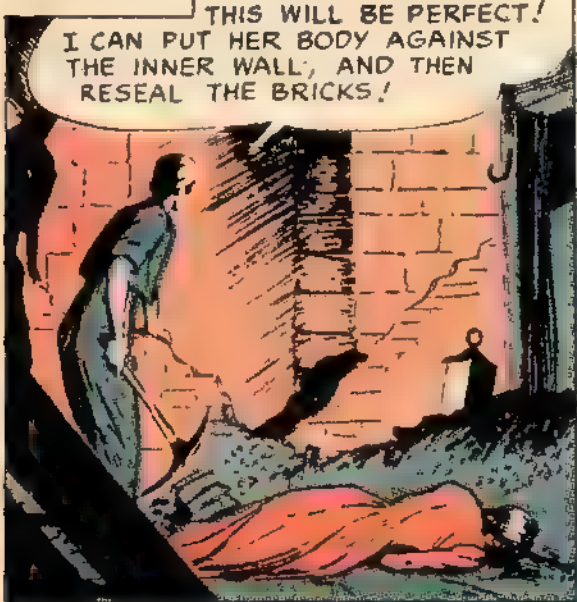
THE FALL SO ENRAGED ME THAT I MOMENTARILY LOST MY SANITY! I GRABBED UP A NEARBY AXE AND STARTED FOR THE ANIMAL...

AS I FELT MY WIFE'S RESTRAINING ARM AND HEARD HER SHRILL SCREAM MY FURY UNLEASHED ITSELF UPON HER! I TURNED, THE AXE UPRAISED...



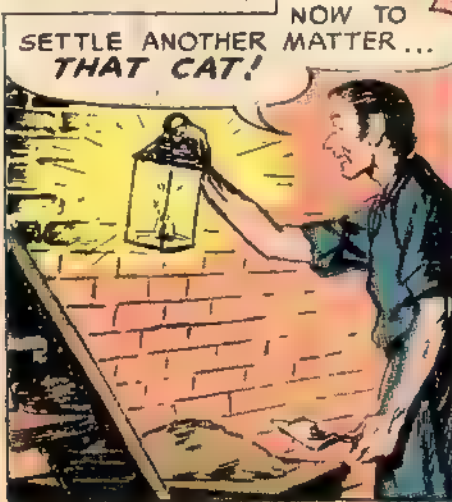
I HAD MURDERED MY WIFE! I KNEW THAT I MUST FIND A PLACE TO CONCEAL HER BODY!

THIS WILL BE PERFECT! I CAN PUT HER BODY AGAINST THE INNER WALL, AND THEN RESEAL THE BRICKS!



WHEN I FINISHED I WAS SATISFIED THAT NO ONE COULD TELL THE WALL HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH!

NOW TO SETTLE ANOTHER MATTER... THAT CAT!



I SEARCHED THE HOUSE, BUT THE BEAST WAS NOT TO BE FOUND. WHEN THREE DAYS PASSED AND THE CAT DID NOT RETURN, I WAS BLISSFUL! EVEN WITH MURDER ON MY SOUL, I WAS RELIEVED! I WAS FREE!

NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! I'M FREE OF THAT CAT!



FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT MY WIFE'S ABSENCE HAD BEEN ASKED AND ONLY A SMALL SEARCH HAD BEEN INSTIGATED. I WAS SURPRISED WHEN, FOUR DAYS FOLLOWING THE CRIME, THE POLICE PAID ME A VISIT.

YES, GENTLEMEN? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



WHAT FOOLS THEY WERE... AND HOW CLEVER I WAS!

BY THE WAY, THIS IS A MARVELOUSLY CONSTRUCTED HOUSE! NOTICE HOW SOLID THESE WALLS ARE AND...

THERE'S A SOUND COMING FROM THAT WALL! TEAR IT DOWN, BOYS!

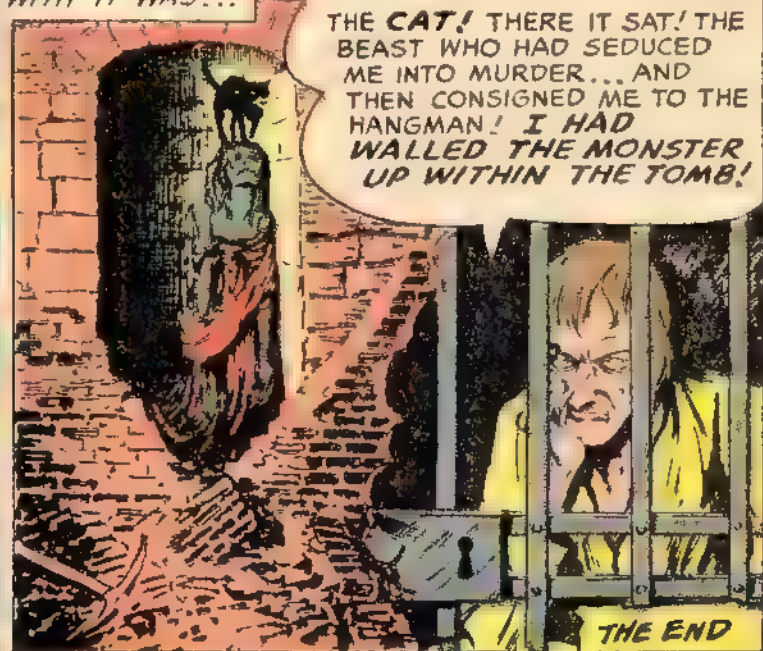


I HAVE NOTHING TO CONCEAL! I'M DELIGHTED TO SHOW YOU THROUGH MY HOUSE!



THE NOISE COMING FROM THE WALL WAS A WAIL... A WAIL OF HORROR, YET TRIUMPH! AN INHUMAN, HOWLING WAIL! THE POLICE TORE DOWN THE WALL AND FOUND THE DECAYING CORPSE OF MY WIFE! AND WITH IT WAS...

THE CAT! THERE IT SAT! THE BEAST WHO HAD SEDUCED ME INTO MURDER... AND THEN CONSIGNED ME TO THE HANGMAN! I HAD WALLED THE MONSTER UP WITHIN THE TOMB!



THE END

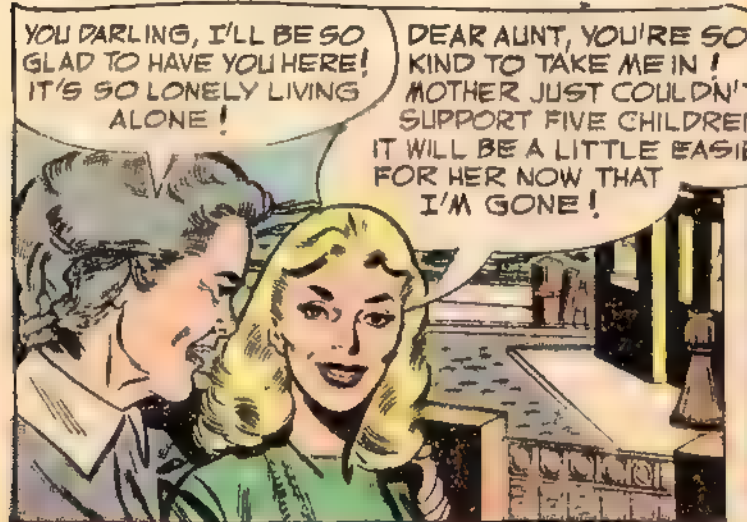
MANY ARE THE TALES OF SHIPWRECK AND PRIVATION ON THE CRUEL SEA ... BUT NEVER HAS THERE BEEN ONE SO PACKED WITH HORROR AS THE STORY OF ANN SAUNDERS, THE LOVELY GIRL WHO WAS REDUCED TO DRINKING THE BLOOD OF HER DEAD FIANCE TO KEEP THE SPARK OF LIFE FLICKERING IN HER WRETCHED BODY!

The HORROR *on the* SS. MALABAR



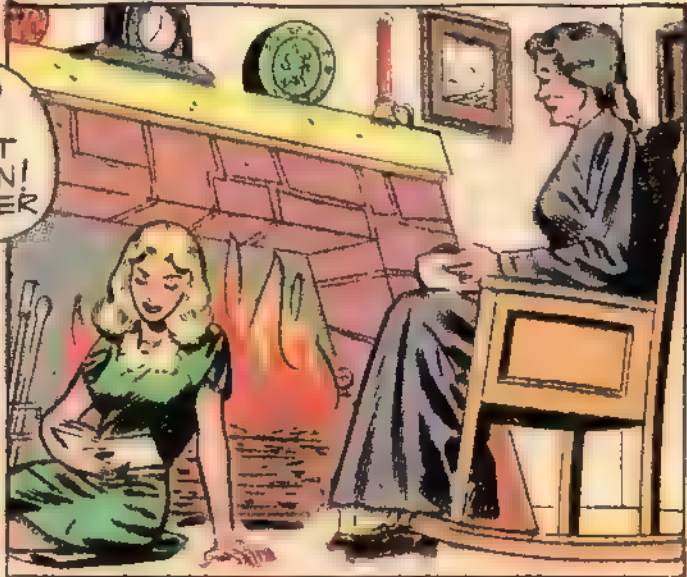
THERE WAS LITTLE IN ANN SAUNDERS' BACKGROUND TO PREPARE HER FOR THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL SHE WOULD ONE DAY ENDURE. THE DAUGHTER OF A POOR WIDOW IN LIVERPOOL, SHE WENT TO LIVE WITH AN AUNT, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN...

IN HER AUNT'S HOUSE, ANN LED THE SIMPLE, SHELTERED LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY...

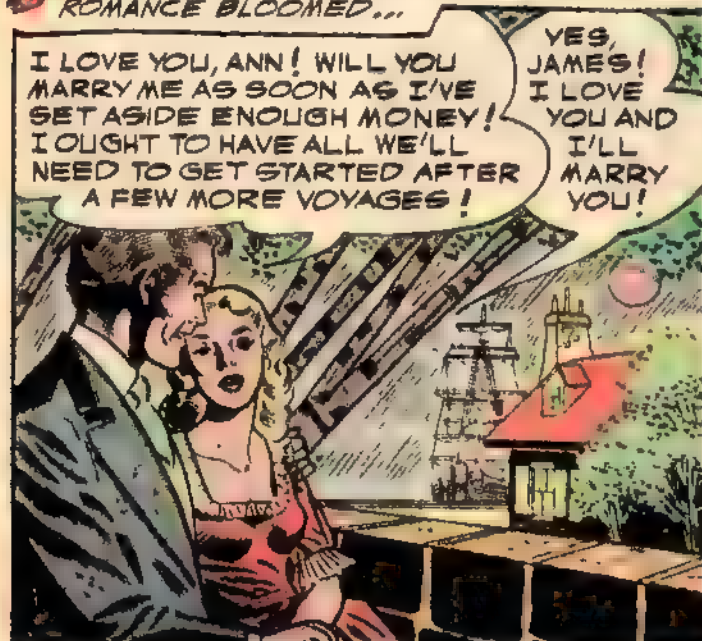


YOU DARLING, I'LL BE SO GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE! IT'S SO LONELY LIVING ALONE!

DEAR AUNT, YOU'RE SO KIND TO TAKE ME IN! MOTHER JUST COULDN'T SUPPORT FIVE CHILDREN! IT WILL BE A LITTLE EASIER FOR HER NOW THAT I'M GONE!



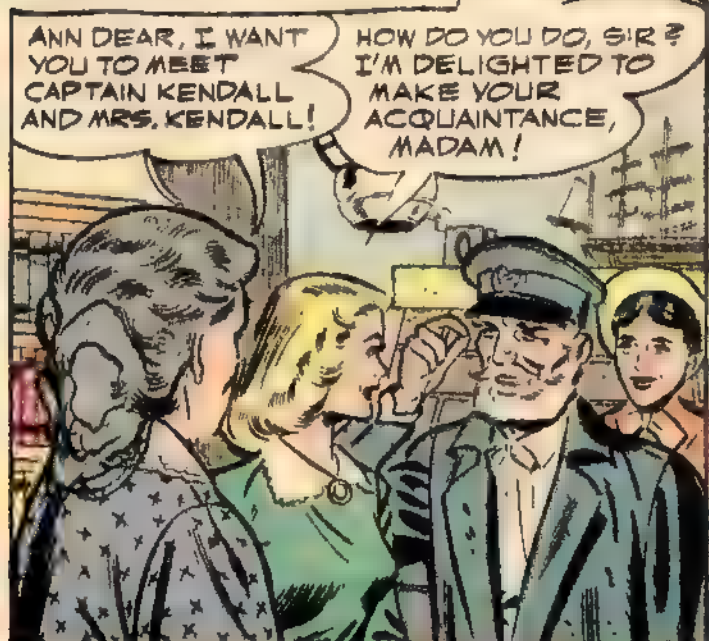
ON 1825, ANN MET JAMES FRIER... AND ROMANCE BLOOMED...



I LOVE YOU, ANN! WILL YOU MARRY ME AS SOON AS I'VE SET ASIDE ENOUGH MONEY! I OUGHT TO HAVE ALL WE'LL NEED TO GET STARTED AFTER A FEW MORE VOYAGES!

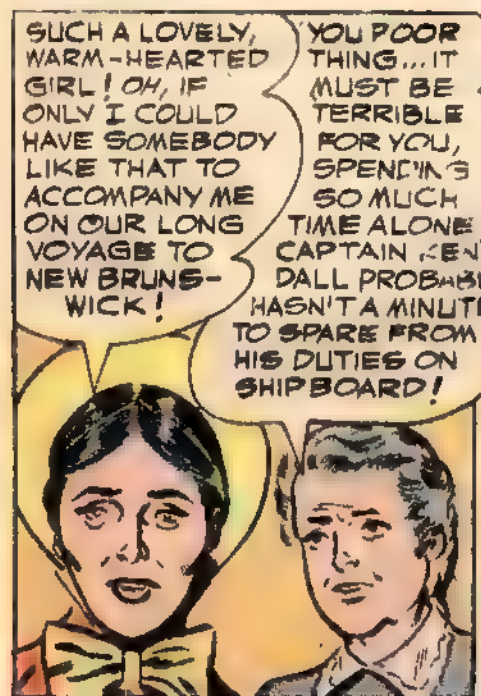
YES, JAMES! I LOVE YOU AND I'LL MARRY YOU!

NOT LONG AFTERWARD...



ANN DEAR, I WANT YOU TO MEET CAPTAIN KENDALL AND MRS. KENDALL!

HOW DO YOU DO, SIR? I'M DELIGHTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MADAM!



SUCH A LOVELY, WARM-HEARTED GIRL! OH, IF ONLY I COULD HAVE SOMEBODY LIKE THAT TO ACCOMPANY ME ON OUR LONG VOYAGE TO NEW BRUNSWICK!

YOU POOR THING... IT MUST BE TERRIBLE FOR YOU, SPENCIN'S SO MUCH TIME ALONE! CAPTAIN KENDALL PROBABLY HASN'T A MINUTE TO SPARE FROM HIS DUTIES ON SHIPBOARD!



IF SHE WERE WILLING TO GO WITH ME... W-WOULD YOU LET HER COME?

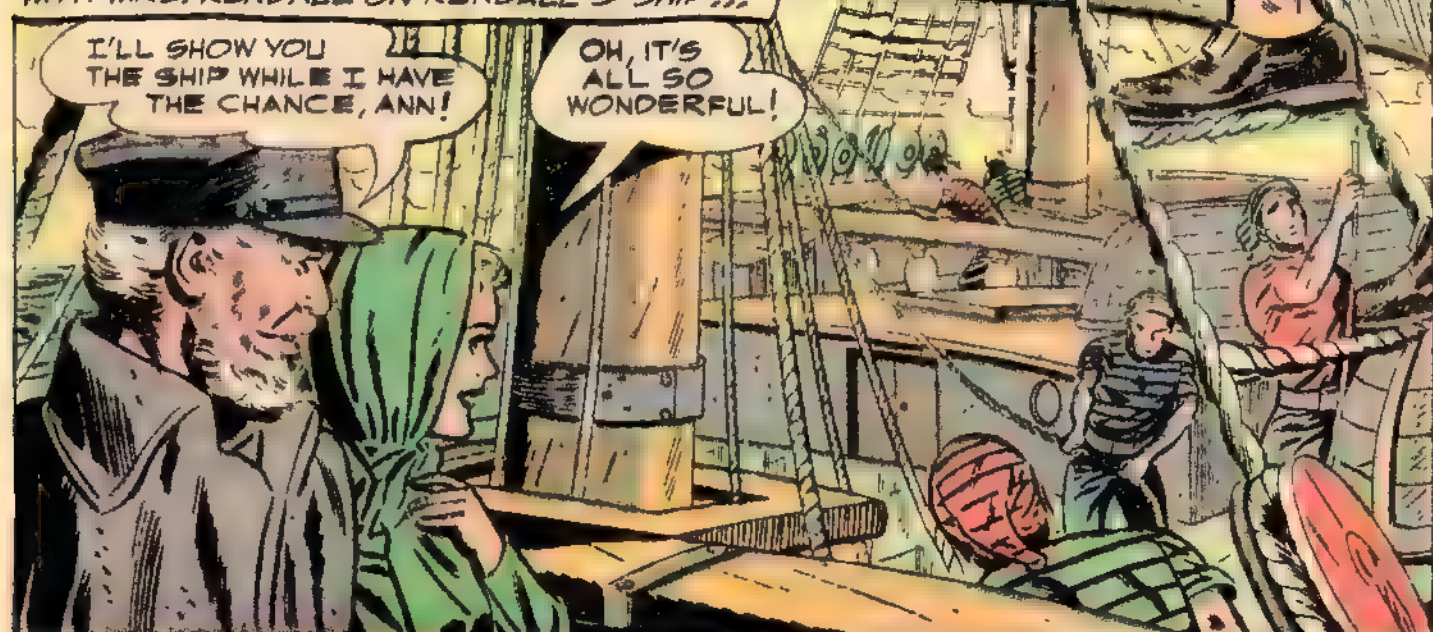
I DON'T KNOW... IT WOULD BE AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE FOR THE CHILD! PERHAPS...!

ANN WAS THRILLED AT THE PROSPECT OF THE VOYAGE..



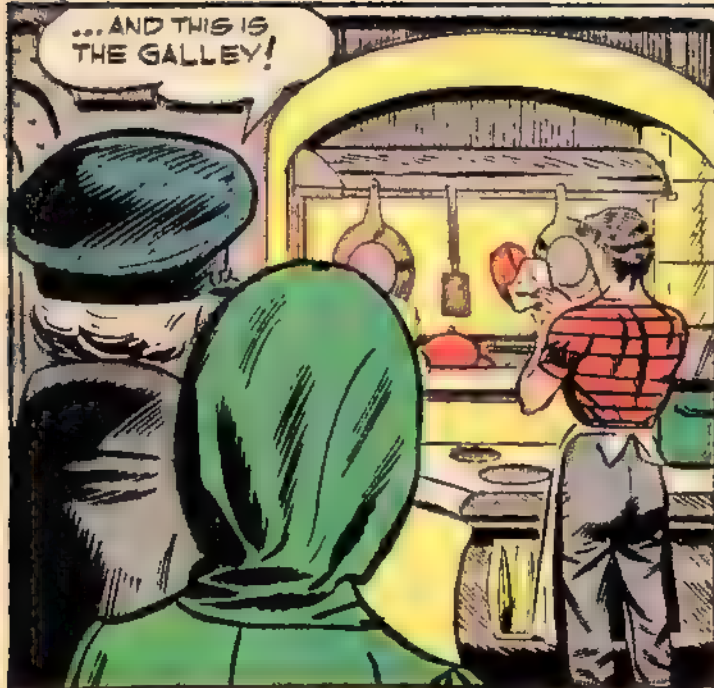
OH, I'M SO HAPPY! HAS THERE EVER BEEN A GIRL WHO WAS SO LUCKY?

AND SO, ON NOVEMBER 10, 1825, ANN EMBARKED WITH MRS. KENDALL ON KENDALL'S SHIP...



I'LL SHOW YOU THE SHIP WHILE I HAVE THE CHANCE, ANN!

OH, IT'S ALL SO WONDERFUL!



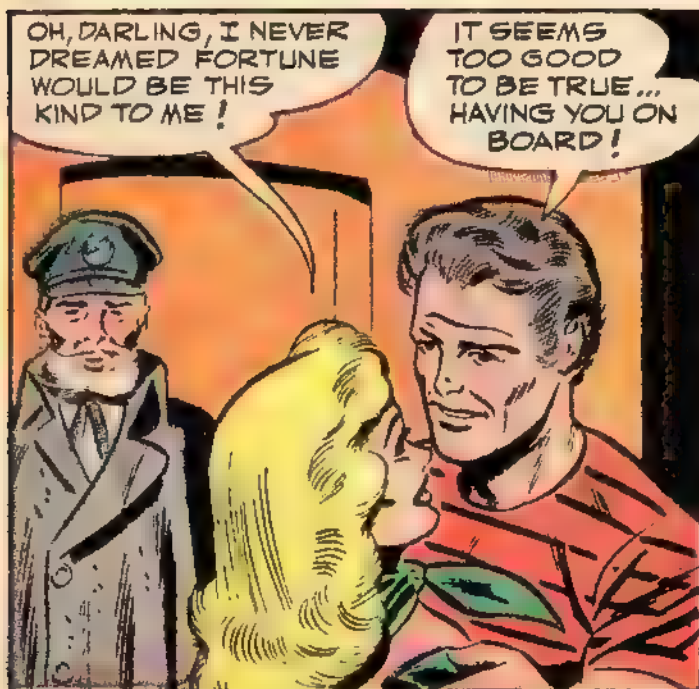
...AND THIS IS THE GALLEY!



ANN!

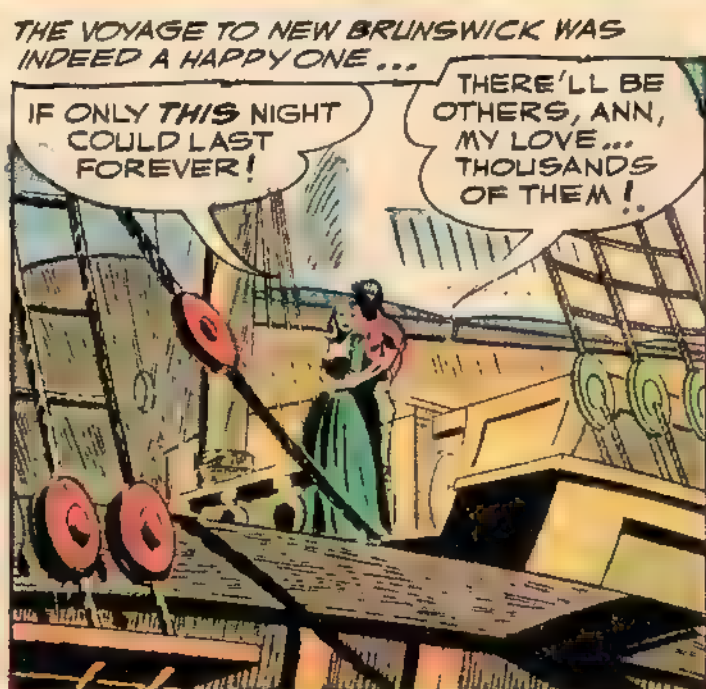
JAMES!

AH... I SEE YOU AND THE SHIP'S COOK KNOW EACH OTHER!



OH, DARLING, I NEVER DREAMED FORTUNE WOULD BE THIS KIND TO ME!

IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE... HAVING YOU ON BOARD!

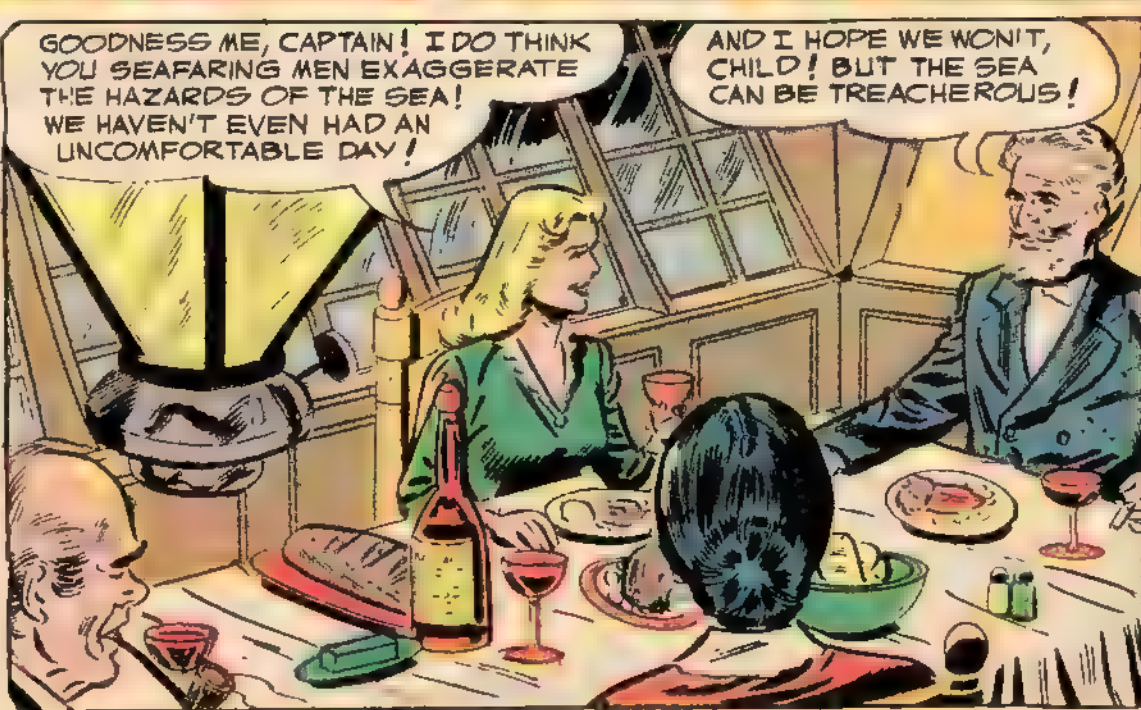


THE VOYAGE TO NEW BRUNSWICK WAS INDEED A HAPPY ONE...

IF ONLY *THIS* NIGHT COULD LAST FOREVER!

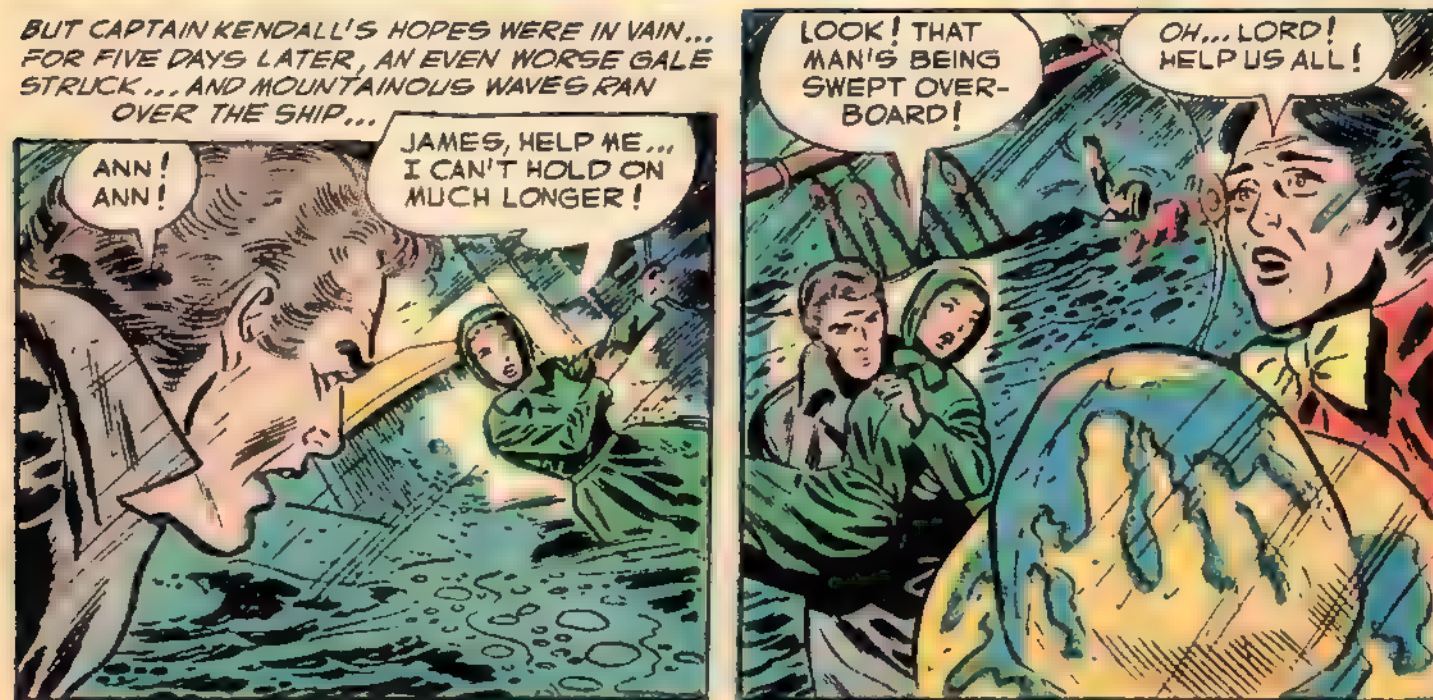
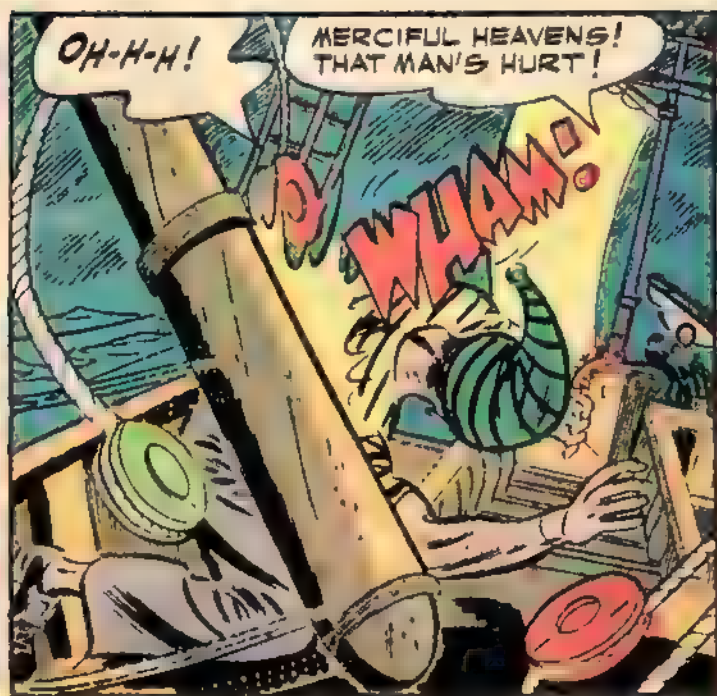
THERE'LL BE OTHERS, ANN, MY LOVE... THOUSANDS OF THEM!

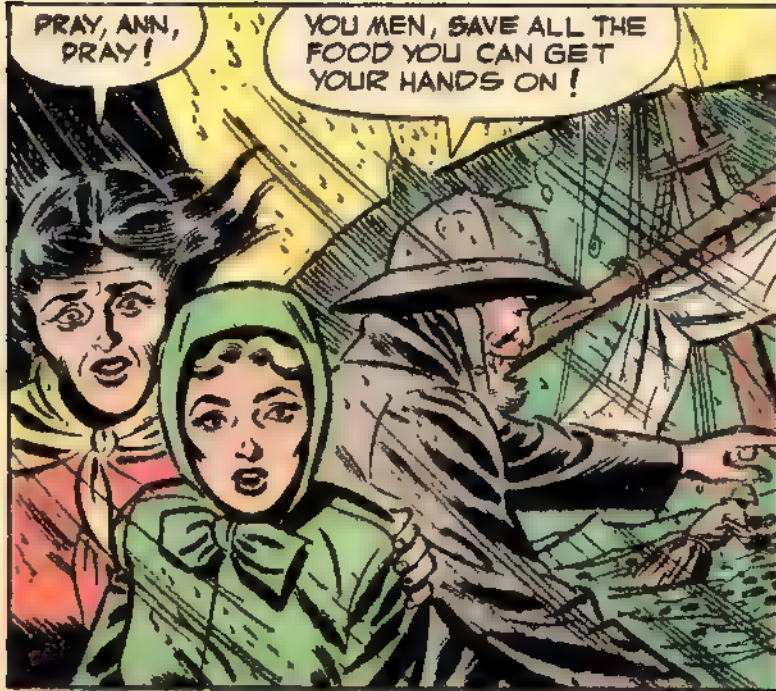
FATE MUST HAVE BEEN LAUGHING CRUELLY AT THE YOUNG COOK'S TRUST IN THE FUTURE! THE VOYAGE WAS TO CONTINUE SMOOTHLY AND UNEVENTFULLY TO NEW BRUNSWICK... BUT DEATH LAY IN WAIT FOR HIM ON THE WAY BACK! IN NEW BRUNSWICK, CAPTAIN KENDALL OBTAINED A CARGO OF TIMBER AND ON JANUARY 18, 1826, HE SET SAIL FOR LIVERPOOL! FOR TWO WEEKS MORE THE SEA REMAINED CALM AND PLACID...



GOODNESS ME, CAPTAIN! I DO THINK YOU SEAFARING MEN EXAGGERATE THE HAZARDS OF THE SEA! WE HAVEN'T EVEN HAD AN UNCOMFORTABLE DAY!

AND I HOPE WE WON'T, CHILD! BUT THE SEA CAN BE TREACHEROUS!



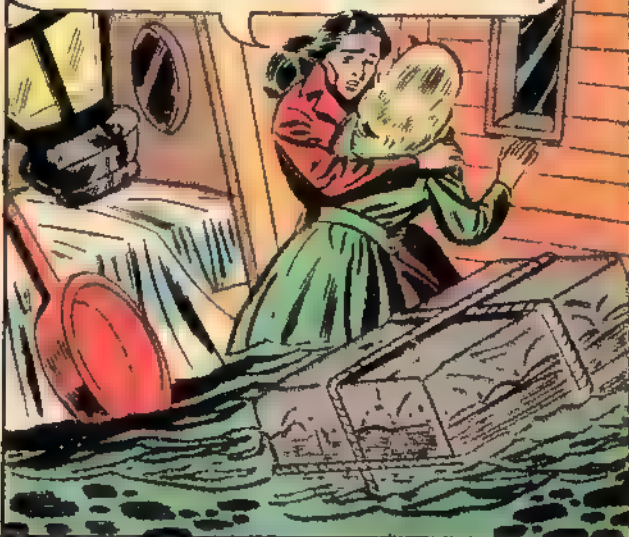


PRAY, ANN,
PRAY!

YOU MEN, SAVE ALL THE
FOOD YOU CAN GET
YOUR HANDS ON!

BY NEXT MORNING ...

COME, WE CAN'T STAY IN THE
CABIN ANY LONGER! THE WATER
WILL SOON BE OVER OUR HEADS!



ALL THAT DAY
AND THROUGH
THE TERRIBLE
NIGHT THAT FOL-
LOWED, THE
HOWLING STORM
TORE AT THE
SHIP AS IF BENT
ON RIPPING IT TO
SHREDS... AND
THE WAVES
SOUGHT
HUNGRILY TO
DRAW IT DOWN
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA ...

LORD, HAVE
MERCY ON
US...!

WE ARE LOST, JAMES!
WE WILL GO DOWN
WITH THE SHIP!

NO... THERE
MUST BE
SOME
HOPE!



WE BROKE OUT
THE BOW PORT...
WE'VE SAVED A
FEW POUNDS OF
CHEESE...MAYBE
FIFTY OR SIXTY
POUNDS OF
BREAD!

BARELY
ENOUGH
TO KEEP
ALL OF
US ALIVE
FOR A
WEEK!

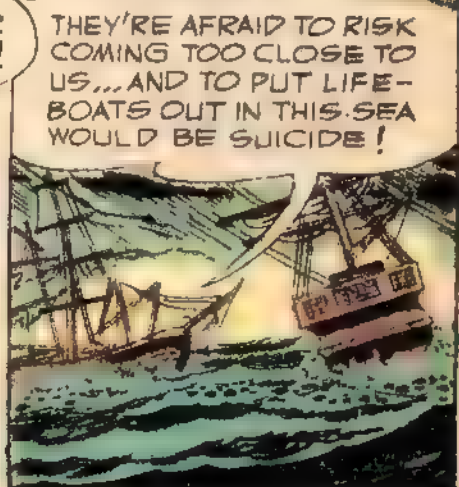
THE STORM STILL RAGED ON
THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
WHEN A SHIP WAS SIGHTED...

LOOK...A SHIP!
IT'S FLYING AN
AMERICAN FLAG!

SIGNAL
THEM...
THIS
MAY BE OUR
SALVATION!

THE AMERICAN VESSEL MADE
A HEROIC EFFORT TO COME
CLOSER TO CAPTAIN KEN-
DALL'S BATTERED SHIP...
BUT IN THE ROUGH SEA..IT
WAS IMPOSSIBLE ...

THEY'RE AFRAID TO RISK
COMING TOO CLOSE TO
US...AND TO PUT LIFE-
BOATS OUT IN THIS SEA
WOULD BE SUICIDE!



WHEN THE STORM FINALLY SUBSIDED, A FEW DAYS LATER, ONLY A WRETCHED HULK WAS LEFT OF THE ONCE PROUD SAILING VESSEL... AND ON BOARD WERE THE PATHETIC REMAINS OF ITS PASSENGERS AND CREW...



IN A FEW DAYS, THE MEAGER SUPPLY OF FOOD WAS GONE... AND SOON THE PANGS OF HUNGER AND THIRST BECAME UNBEARABLE...



NEXT DAY...

HE'S DEAD--OF THIRST, STARVATION AND EXHAUSTION!

THE POOR SOUL!

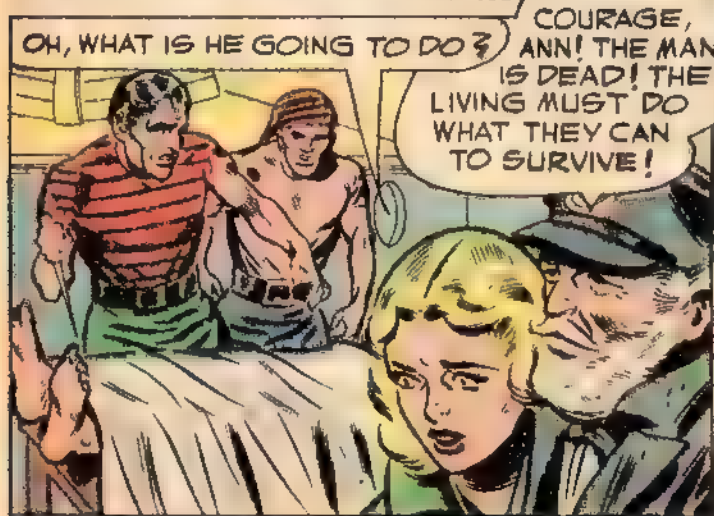


HE WAS LUCKY TO HAVE DIED SO QUICKLY!



ANOTHER SAILOR DIED OF HUNGER AND THIRST. AND THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER! BY THE TWENTY-THIRD OF FEBRUARY, HUNGER AND THIRST HAD DRIVEN THE POOR CASTAWAYS ALMOST TO MADNESS... AND WHEN A SAILOR NAMED MOORE DIED...

AS ANN LOOKED ON IN HORROR, THE LIVER AND HEART WERE CUT OUT OF THE DEAD SAILOR'S BODY...



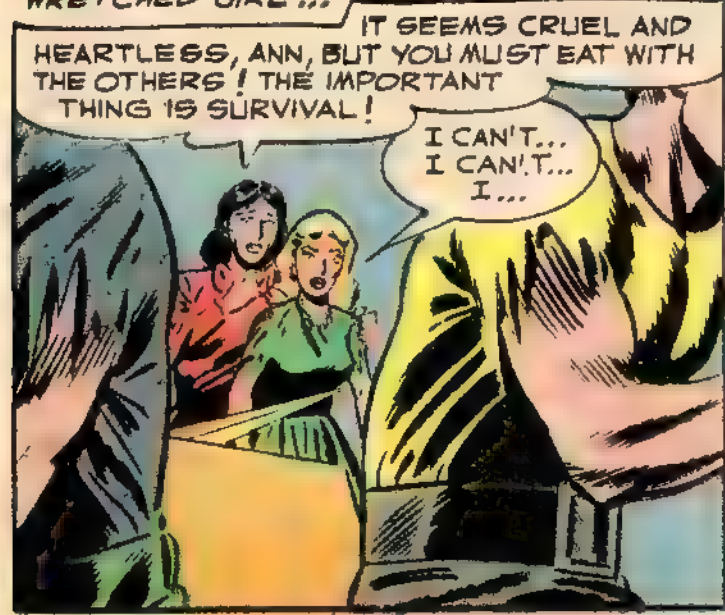
OH, WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO?

COURAGE, ANN! THE MAN IS DEAD! THE LIVING MUST DO WHAT THEY CAN TO SURVIVE!

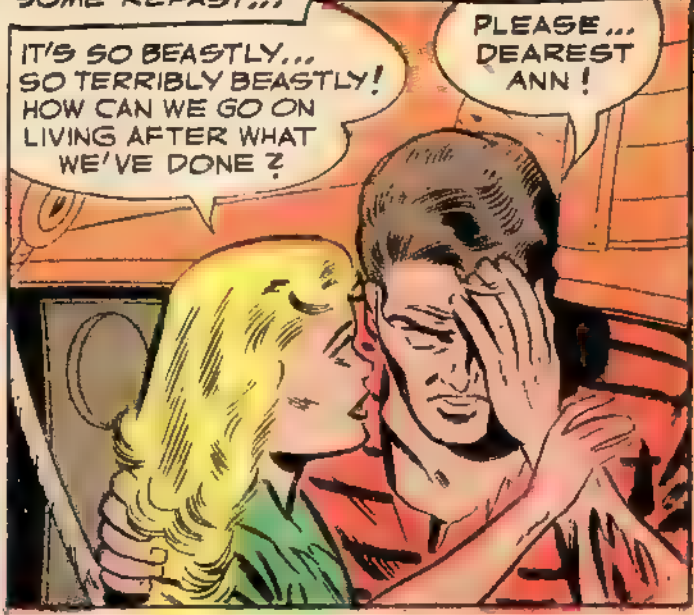


NO! NO! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!

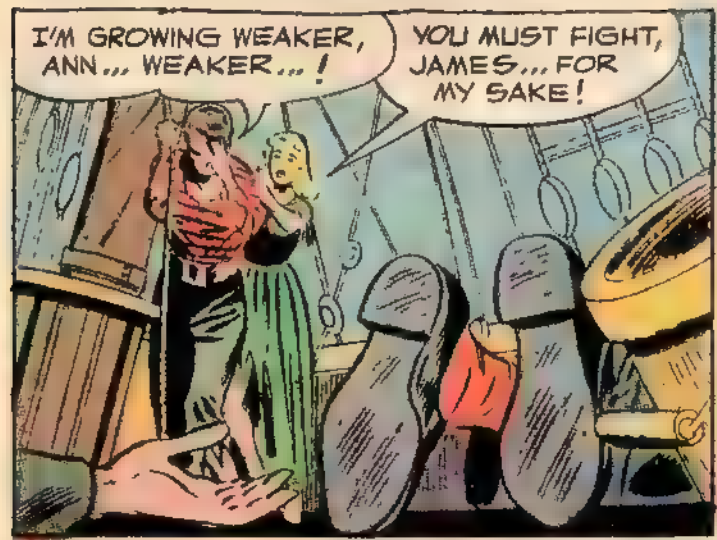
BUT AS ANOTHER DAY WENT BY AND THE HANDS OF HUNGER OVERWHELMED THE WRETCHED GIRL...



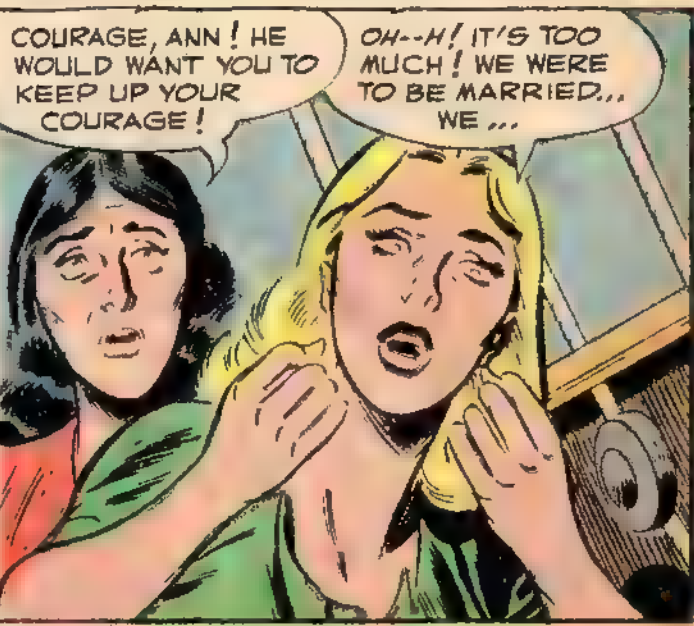
YES, ANN TOO... SENSITIVE, AND WARM HEARTED ANN, PARTOOK OF THE GRUE-SOME REPAST...



BUT THE MEAGER NOURISHMENT THEY FOUND IN THEIR COMRADES' BODIES DID LITTLE TO STEM THE TIDE OF DEATH... AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, MAN AFTER MAN FELL VICTIM TO THE ONSLAUGHT OF HUNGER AND THIRST...



THEN CAME THE FINAL BLOW... JAMES FRIER DIED BEFORE ANN'S EYES...



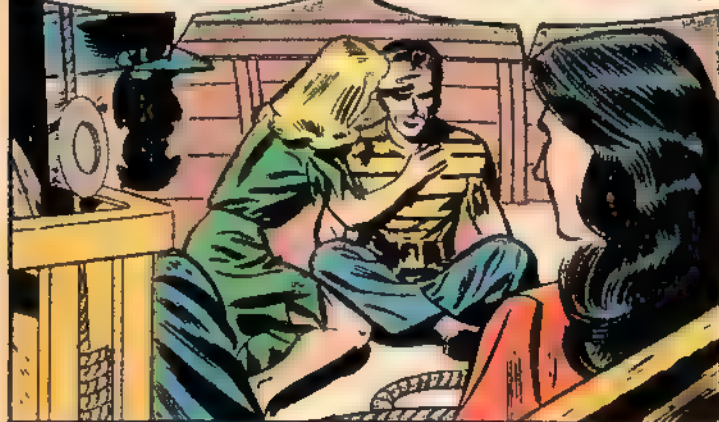
BUT SO RUTHLESS ARE THE LAWS OF NATURE.. THAT IN THE END, EVEN ANN LOOKED FOR SUSTENANCE IN THE REMAINS OF HER DEAD SWEETHEART...



AFTER THAT AGONIZING EXPERIENCE, ANN SEEMED TO GROW HARD, MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO SURVIVE...

THE GIRL'S AMAZING! SHE'S KEEPING US ALL ALIVE... ACTUALLY FEEDING US OFF THE BODIES OF THE DEAD!

IT'S THE LORD'S WAY...ELSE HE'D NEVER HAVE PUT SUCH IRON INTO THE WILL OF A HELPLESS GIRL!



AS MORE MEMBERS OF THE CREW DIED EACH DAY, ANN CONTINUED TO KEEP THE OTHERS ALIVE! SHE TOOK OVER COMPLETELY THE HORRIFYING TASK OF FEEDING THEM THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD...

I'M DONE FOR! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR ME!

YOU MUSTN'T GIVE UP!



MADNESS AND DEATH--THESE BECAME THE CONSTANT COMPANIONS OF THE WRETCHED CASTAWAYS!

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN THIS AGONY!

SMITHERS! DON'T!

OH-H!



MAYBE THE POOR MAN WAS RIGHT!

NO... WE WILL BE SAVED! I KNOW IT!



AND ON THE SEVENTH OF MARCH, ANN'S PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE...

A SHIP! SIGNAL THEM... EVERYBODY SIGNAL... THEY MUSTN'T PASS US BY!



INCLUDING CAPTAIN KENDALL, MRS. KENDALL AND ANN SAUNDERS, ONLY ONE THIRD OF THE HAPLESS HUMANS WHO HAD SET SAIL ON THE ILL FATED SHIP WERE REMOVED ON THAT LONG AWAITED DAY TO HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, 'BLONDE', WHICH RESCUED THEM...

AND ON APRIL FIFTH, ANN FELL INTO THE ARMS OF HER MOTHER AND HER AUNT, SAFE ASHORE AT LAST...

BUT WAS IT OVER? THE RECORDS DON'T SAY, BUT ANN SAUNDERS HAD TO LIVE THE REST OF HER LIFE WITH THE MEMORY OF THE MOST HORRIBLE OF MAN-KIND'S CRIMES--CANNIBALISM--ON HER WRETCHED CONSCIENCE!

GREAT HEAVENS ABOVE, THEY'RE A SIGHT I NEVER HOPE TO SEE AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!



IT'S OVER... OVER... THE WHOLE NIGHTMARE IS OVER!



The End

THE FACE THAT WASN'T THERE

The human skull on Dr. Klayman's desk annoyed Eddie Cummings. It was a reminder of death and was in very poor taste for the office of a physician. Eddie imagined that it had a bad psychological effect on Klayman's patients. It certainly made a person who was ill feel much worse.

Klayman was the county coroner and had given all the facts to the police on the disappearance of Jane Conlan's body. But there were matters other than fact that Eddie, as a newspaper reporter, was anxious to uncover. Eddie forced a smile and pointed to the human skull.

"Excuse me for asking, Doctor, but why do you keep that skull on your desk? Is it a souvenir of your practice or does it have some sentimental value?"

To Eddie's surprise, Klayman removed the top of the skull. The cavity inside contained about a dozen cigars, and Klayman took one, bit off the tip and lighted it. "I presume that answers your question, Mr. Cummings. Now I shall tell you what little I know about the Conlan case."

Eddie was trying hard to conceal his nervousness. He had spent twenty-eight months in Korea before landing a job with The Star-Times, and he was not inexperienced in matters pertaining to dying, death and the disposition of corpses. But the mystery surrounding Jane Conlan's body was one that only an expert in forensic medicine could explain.

"My findings proved that Jane Conlan was alive when she fell or was thrown into the Griffiths' well. The well shaft was five feet in diameter and twenty-one feet deep. In Jane's fatal descent, her hands clawed the rocks and mortar, tearing off bits of fingernails in the narrow cracks. A falling corpse would not have left those traces. Furthermore, a suicide rarely suffers change of heart once the leap has been taken. I therefore claim that the girl was murdered."

Eddie was taking notes and he raised his pencil to catch the doctor's eye. "If she had been murdered in any other way I'd say suspicion pointed to the Griffiths. They envied and hated her, but the murderer played a nasty trick on them. They drank water from that well for almost a month, not knowing it was contaminated by a corpse."

"Who can prove she was in the bottom of the well for a month before the Griffiths discovered her?" Klayman growled. "She had disappeared

a month before, but the exact day on which she was thrown into the well hasn't been established."

"All right. You know the facts better than anyone, Doc," Eddie sighed. "Why didn't the Griffiths report to the police that the body was in their well?"

"Put yourself in their place," Dr. Klayman snorted. "If you were a poor farmer, hating and envying a rich girl whose drainage ditches flooded your best cropland, what would you do if you found her body in your well? Run to the police?"

"I get your point," Eddie said. "They feared they would be accused of the crime, so they dumped six cubic yards of sand into the well and drew their water from the pump behind the barn."

"Exactly!" Klayman snapped. "Observing that they were no longer taking water from the big well, Jane Conlan's brother became suspicious and went to the police. The police rushed to the Griffith farm. The old man, old lady and their two grown sons were herded into the kitchen. The police had hardly begun questioning them when Jack Griffith admitted that they'd discovered the body five days before and had subsequently dumped sand in the well to conceal their gruesome find."

"Maybe one of the Griffiths pulled the body out without telling the others, and that's why it wasn't found when the police removed the sand," Eddie suggested.

"Nonsense!" Klayman snorted. "The old man and his sons saw that Jane's body was in the bottom of the well as they shoveled in the sand. After that, it would have been impossible for one or two men to have removed the sand, taken the body and replaced the sand."

"True enough," Eddie nodded. "The job required a hoist, ladders and wheelbarrows, and took the Griffiths and two policemen all afternoon. I'd still like to know how the body could have disappeared."

Dr. Klayman peered at Eddie through a haze of cigar smoke and spoke slowly. "Bodies often disappear without leaving a trace, but never without a reason. I'll tell you the reason why Jane Conlan's body disappeared. You may recall that foul play wasn't suspected by her brother. He reported that she had argued with him about the management of their farm, and had said she was leaving."

Eddie Cummings snapped his fingers. "I get

it, Doctor! Her desire to leave the locality was so strong that it survived even after death. It was her spirit that removed the body from the well."

"You don't believe that!" Dr. Klayman said, pointing at him. "It's absurd, fantastic."

Eddie grinned sheepishly. "Of course, Doc. But that theory would make a good story. Can I quote you on it?"

"No!" Dr. Klayman roared, adding softly, "However, between the two of us, that's exactly what happened. Why don't you go out there tonight and look around? You might be surprised!"

Eddie got up and reached for his hat. "Oh, I can't be bothered by going out there. The Griffiths aren't very friendly, you know."

Dr. Klayman took Eddie to the door and bade him good evening. Then he hastened to a closet and reached for his storm coat and large black felt hat.

Meanwhile, Eddie drove down the street as though heading back for the newspaper office, but when out of sight of the doctor's house, he made a right turn and took the road for the bottom land.

There were no lights in the Conlan house and a quarter mile beyond it the Griffiths' ramshackle farm looked deserted. Eddie left his car by a road fence, and walked the remaining distance. He used his flashlight when he turned in at the Griffiths' property, walked boldly up to the low veranda and knocked on the door.

He knocked again, and slowly the door opened, but no one was there. Eddie turned the beam of his flashlight into the musty front hall. He could see nothing but a threadbare rug and a battered gate-leg table that was bare except for a sheet of paper.

Eddie walked toward the table. Before he reached it he could read the word at the top of the sheet of paper, but he didn't turn back. The note had been scrawled in heavy writing: "WARNING. The water in the well behind this house is unfit for humans or livestock. Drink from it at your own risk."

"One of the Griffiths left this note," Eddie said aloud. "They've gone. Left the house and furnishings and they'll never return. Can't say I blame them."

Suddenly, Eddie was aware that the crickets had stopped chirping. "Something must be moving close by. I'd better get out of here," he thought.

But he saw nothing moving outside the house, and couldn't resist the temptation to go around by the well. It looked no different than it had by daylight. Eddie leaned over and shot the beam of his flashlight on the dark pool below. His body froze when he saw the face of

Jane Conlan. She was just below the surface of the water, and her eyes were staring at him.

Eddie closed his eyes to blot out the awful picture, but when he took a backward step a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Don't be startled," Dr. Klayman said softly. "The face you saw was not that of a corpse."

"I know," Eddie said weakly. "It was real!"

"As real as a spirit face can ever be," the doctor said calmly. But don't make a fool of yourself by telling people what you saw. By the way, the bucket rope is missing. I don't think the Griffiths took it when they left."

"Then who?" Eddie asked.

"Jane's spirit took it," the doctor said. "We'll find it around the neck of a person whom no one suspected of her murder. Follow me."

Klayman led the way across the fields to the Conlan farm and headed for the barn. As Eddie followed him inside, Klayman's flashlight beam fell on the body of a young man that dangled by a rope from a crossbeam.

"Ralph Conlan!" Eddie gasped. "He admitted to the police that he and Jane had argued. That was his alibi for her disappearance. He threw her in the well, knowing that the Griffiths would be blamed for her death if the body were discovered. But he couldn't wait for them to tell anyone after they found it. When they stopped drawing water from the well, Ralph urged the police to investigate. And now he has hung himself."

"That's what the police will think," Klayman said. "Let's put up that ladder and see how the rope was tied."

Eddie mounted the ladder while Klayman played the flashlight from below. "I don't see any knot," Eddie gasped loudly. "Look out, Doctor! The rope is slipping!"

The loose rope whipped over the beam and Ralph Conlan's body thudded to the barn floor. "Don't look down here," the doctor ordered. "Use your flashlight. See what's on that beam now."

"Nothing," Eddie called back. "Except that it's wet in spots. How do you account for that?"

"Where was Jane Conlan when you last saw her?" the doctor asked. "It's a psychic fact that water will cling to a spirit form."

Eddie came down the ladder. "I'm getting out of here, Doc. I've seen enough for one night."

"Going to write this up for your paper?" the doctor inquired with a sly grin.

"No. My boss would fire me if I turned in the real story. Where's the nearest phone? Ralph Conlan's suicide is my first big scoop!"

"Make sure you call it suicide!" Dr. Klayman's voice trailed off with a chuckle.

THE END —

The FORGOTTEN ROOM

WHEN AL AND EMMA PEALE LEASED THE BROWNSTONE FOR A COFFEE SHOP THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT THE OLD HOUSE HAD BEEN THE SCENE OF A NOTORIOUS, UNSOLVED NEW YORK MURDER. AL AND HIS WIFE SOON DISCOVERED THAT RESTLESS SPIRITS OF FORMER DAYS STILL MOVED THROUGH THE HOUSE, RE-ACTING A TRAGIC MOMENT OF TIME. PERHAPS MORE TRAGIC STILL WAS THE GHOST OF A WOMAN WHO HAD NOT YET DIED...



WELL, EM...OUR FIRST DAY HERE... A MODERATE SUCCESS!

RIGHT NOW I'M THINKING OF OUR OWN LITTLE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS... I'M EXHAUSTED. UH-OH! HERE COMES SOMEBODY!



GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS.

WE WERE JUST CLOSING, MA-AM...





IT'S A COLD NIGHT, DEARIE. SURELY YOU'D NOT PUT AN OLD WOMAN OUT WITHOUT A WARM CUP O' COFFEE FIRST?

I'VE HEARD OF HER... NAME'S CRAZY LOU, AN OLD CHARACTER IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



HERE'S SOME HOT COFFEE.



I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE...YES, I HAVE...I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE...



...AND I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM IT ALL HAPPENED...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN...



YOU DON'T HOLD NO HARD FEELIN'S, DO YOU, ARTHUR? NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, EH?

MY NAME ISN'T ARTHUR!

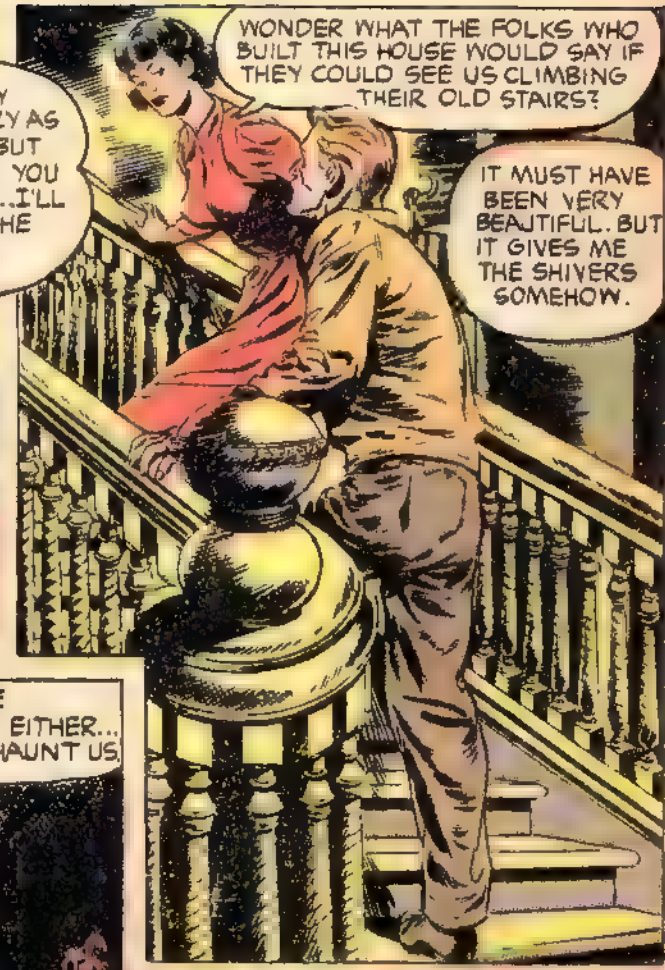


IF YOUR NAME AIN'T ARTHUR, YOUNG MAN, THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS HOUSE?



WHAT A CREEP!

THEY SAY SHE'S CRAZY AS A LOON, BUT HARMLESS. YOU GO ON UP...I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHTS.



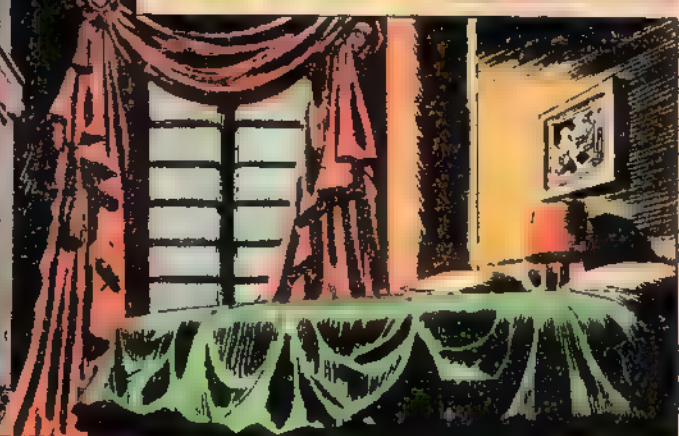
WONDER WHAT THE FOLKS WHO BUILT THIS HOUSE WOULD SAY IF THEY COULD SEE US CLIMBING THEIR OLD STAIRS?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY BEAUTIFUL... BUT IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS SOMEHOW.



BET THOSE OLD FOLKS WOULD FLIP IF THEY SAW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEIR LIBRARY...

MAKING THEIR PARLOR A COFFEE SHOP WOULDN'T PLEASE THEM EITHER... SO LONG AS THEY DON'T HAUNT US.



SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART.

'NIGHT!



BUT THEY HAD SCARCELY DOZED WHEN...

AIIEEE!

A GHOSTLY SCENE IS ENACTED BEFORE THEIR EYES...



LET GO OF ME!



STOP! STOP! DO YOU HEAR?



I WARNED YOU...

AAARGH!



GOOD HEAVENS!





OFFICER...
HERE...COME!
THERE'S A
DEAD BODY...



BETTER LEAVE OFF EATING
BEFORE BEDTIME, YOUNG
MAN!

OFFICER, THERE
WAS A BODY
THERE.



NEXT DAY, AL GOES TO THE LANDLORD AT EMMA'S
INSISTENCE!

YOU MAY COME IN
NOW, MR. PEALE.

THANK
YOU!

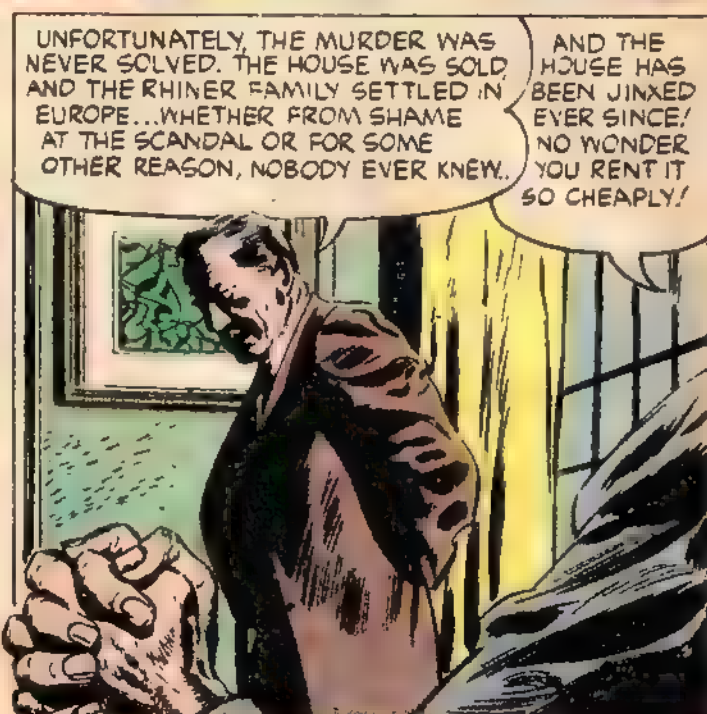


AND THERE IT WAS!
MURDER, RIGHT BEFORE OUR
EYES! YOU'VE GOT TO BE-
LIEVE ME, MR. HOWELLS!

I BELIEVE YOU, MR.
PEALE. I SHOULD
HAVE TOLD YOU BE-
FORE, I SUPPOSE.



IN THE SUMMER OF 1900,
WITH THE OLD RHINER
FAMILY BELIEVED TO BE IN
EUROPE, THE BODY OF YOUNG
ARTHUR RHINER WAS FOUND
ON THE STAIRS. HE HAD
BEEN MURDERED...A
SHOOTING...



UNFORTUNATELY, THE MURDER WAS
NEVER SOLVED. THE HOUSE WAS SOLD,
AND THE RHINER FAMILY SETTLED IN
EUROPE...WHETHER FROM SHAME
AT THE SCANDAL OR FOR SOME
OTHER REASON, NOBODY EVER KNEW.

AND THE
HOUSE HAS
BEEN JINXED
EVER SINCE!
NO WONDER
YOU RENT IT
SO CHEAPLY!

THAT NIGHT, THE PEALES DISCUSS THE SITUATION...

I KNEW THIS STORE AND APARTMENT DEAL WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...

LOOK, EM! WE GOT A BARGAIN - HERE WHY DON'T WE STICK IT OUT UNTIL THIS MYSTERY IS CLEARED UP!



ONCE IT IS AND OUR COFFEE SHOP MAKING MONEY THERE WILL BE NOTHING TO DISTURB OUR PEACE!



I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT... I'M ALL NERVES!

AT A GLANCE AGAIN THE SCREAM IS HEARD AND THE GHOSTLY VISITORS RETURN.



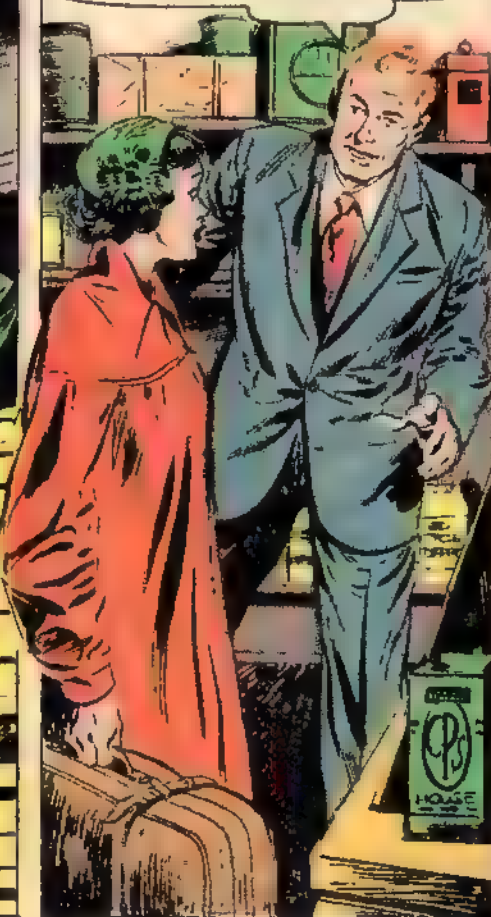
I CAN'T STAND IT!

I WARNED YOU!



NEXT MORNING...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, HONEY. YOU JUST GET SOME SLEEP. I'LL JOIN YOU AT THE HOTEL TOMORROW IF I CAN'T CLEAR THIS THING UP BY THEN.



WITH 'EM OFF HIS MIND, AL GOES AHEAD WITH HIS PLANS THAT NIGHT

NOW LET 'EM COME! I'M READY!



AN HOUR PASSES THEN, THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN... SLOWLY...

IT LOOKS LIKE CRAZY LOU... AND SHE HAS HER OWN KEY!



I'D BETTER KEEP IN THE SHADOWS.



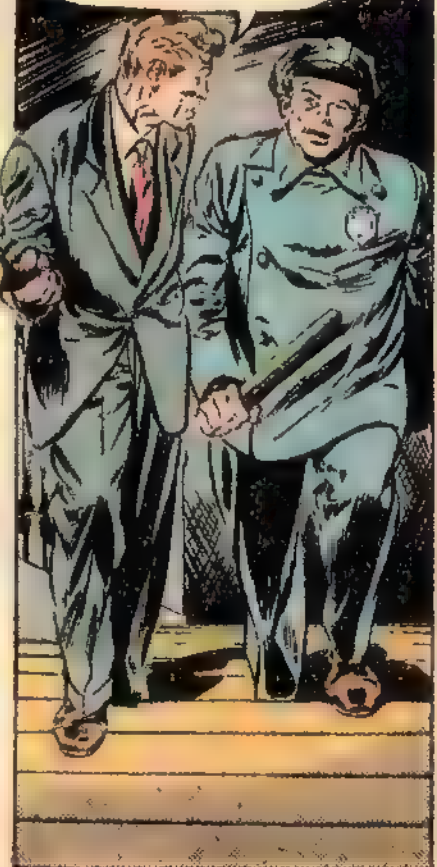
WHERE THE DEVIL DID SHE GO? I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY ROOM ON THE TWO FLOORS. THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF HER!



WHAT IS IT THIS TIME... MORE NIGHTMARES?

LOOK, OFFICER, THERE IS A PROWLER IN MY HOUSE... I THINK IT'S CRAZY LOU. SHE CAME IN WITH A KEY!

WE USE THE GROUND FLOOR FOR THE SHOP AND KITCHEN. MY WIFE AND I LIVE ON THE SECOND FLOOR IN THE FRONT. THE BACK PART ISN'T WIRED FOR ELECTRICITY. WE'LL HAVE TO USE OUR FLASHLIGHTS.



A SUDDEN NOISE, AND THE STREET DOOR OPENS...

LOOK AT THAT!



DON'T MOVE, MIKE.
I WANT YOU TO
SEE THIS!

IN THE
NAME OF
HEAVEN!

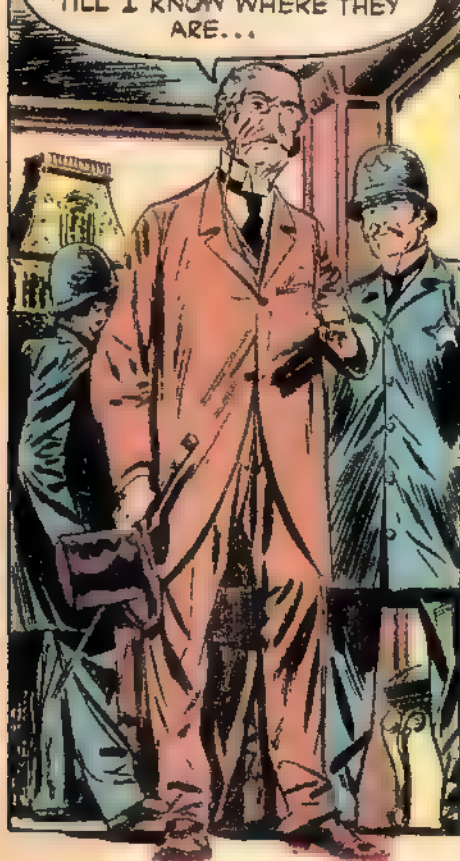


I AM AMOS T. SMITHERS, SOLICITOR
OF THE RHINER FAMILY. I GOT HERE
AS QUICKLY AS I COULD,
CAPTAIN!

THE FAMILY WILL HAVE
TO BE NOTIFIED, SIR.



THE RHINER FAMILY I
BELIEVE, IS TRAVELLING
IN EUROPE... I CANNOT
COMMUNICATE WITH THEM
'TILL I KNOW WHERE THEY
ARE...



HA! HA! HA! HA!
AND YOU NEVER DID HEAR
FROM THEM EVER AGAIN
...DID YOU, MR. SMITHERS?
NOT YOU, NOR
NOBODY...!



WHO'S
THAT?

CRAZY LOU!
COME ON!





NOW
WHERE'D
SHE GO?

SHH!
LISTEN...



HOW NICE TO BE ALL
TOGETHER LIKE THIS,
MY DEARS...

SOUND'S
COM'NG
THROUGH
THE OLD
HEATING
PIPES...



TO THINK THAT YOU HURRIED
ALL THE WAY HOME FROM EUROPE
JUST TO MEET ME... ME, LOUISA
THOMAS, THE UPSTAIRS
MAID!

THERE'S A
CRACK OF
LIGHT
SHINING FROM
SOMEWHERE.



HEY...THERES
A DOOR BACK OF
THIS OLD CHEST
GIVE ME A HAND
HERE!

AND BEFORE THEM A
SCENE WHICH YEARS
WILL NEVER ERASE...



SO YOU SEE, MY DEARS, ARTHUR AND
I HAD BEEN SECRETLY MARRIED ALL
ALONG...THOUGH I KNEW YOU'D NEVER
ACCEPT ME IN THE FAMILY! THAT'S
WHY I PUT THE POISON IN THE WINE!
ARTHUR? OH...I HAD TO KILL HIM
TOO...HE FOUND YOU AND WAS
GOING FOR HELP...



THE
END

FREE TO YOU!

100 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS



ABOVE: Cat boat scene from little-known Cayman Islands in British West Indies

LEFT: Stamp from Tanganyika, African land of pygmies and head-hunters



Falkland Islands stamp, from the only post office in the Antarctic Circle



Pitcairn Islands—the island group first settled by the famous Fletcher Christian and the other mutineers from the H.M.S. Bounty. Descendants of the mutineers still live there!

Guaranteed Worth More Than \$200 in Standard Catalog!
100 Exciting All-Different Stamps Sent to Make New Friends!

Just imagine . . . a big packet of exciting stamps from strange, little-known places in all corners of the world . . . guaranteed Standard Stamp Catalog value at least \$2.00 . . . **ALL YOURS FREE!** Just a few of the beautiful, unusual stamps are shown here. Get others from far-away possessions like South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, India, many more! The fine start of a wonderful collection . . . or if you're now collecting stamps, this big British Empire group is a prized addition! Best of all . . . this over-\$2.00 value is yours as a **GIFT!** We'll also include **FREE** the fascinating, valuable "Stamp Collector's Manual". **IMPORTANT:** Supplies of this remarkable stamp group are definitely limited—so you must **ACT AT ONCE**. Mail the coupon plus 10c to help pay postage, handling. We'll also include other exceptional values for your inspection. If coupon has been clipped, write direct to:

KENMORE STAMP COMPANY
DEPT. XM-314, MILFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Kenmore Stamp Co., Dept. XM-314
Milford, New Hampshire

Rush me **FREE** the valuable 100 British Empire stamps (worth over \$2.00) and **FREE** "Stamp Collector's Manual"—with other special offers for my inspection. I enclose 10c to help pay postage and handling.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

FREE TO YOU!

**NEW EDITION
"THE STAMP
COLLECTOR'S
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**Important and
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Mail the coupon for the Free 100 British Empire Stamps **TODAY**, and we'll include **FREE** "The Stamp Collector's Manual"—a practical illustrated guide to stamp collecting. Contains valuable information and stories about the hobby that **YOU** . . . as well as famous men, kings, princes, and presidents . . . can enjoy every day of the year. Mail the Coupon **NOW!**



HURRY—MAIL COUPON TODAY
—supply of this offer limited—so act at once

HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?



GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

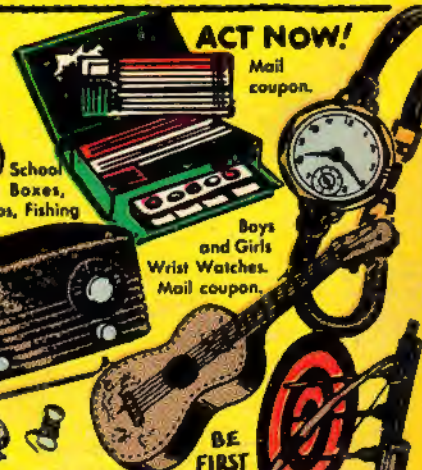
Yes! Here, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



Bluebird Clocks, Roasters, Blankets Mail coupon!

ACT NOW!

Mail coupon.



School Boxes, Radios, Fishing Kits.

Boys and Girls Wrist Watches. Mail coupon.

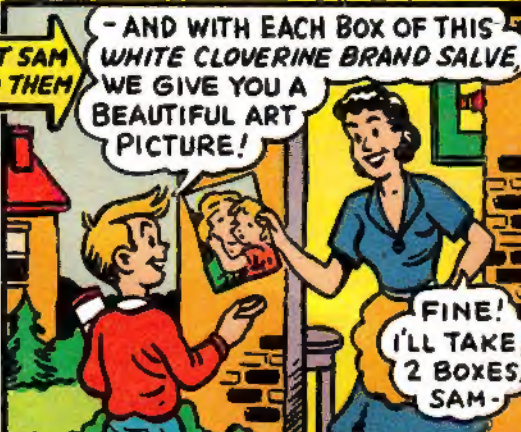
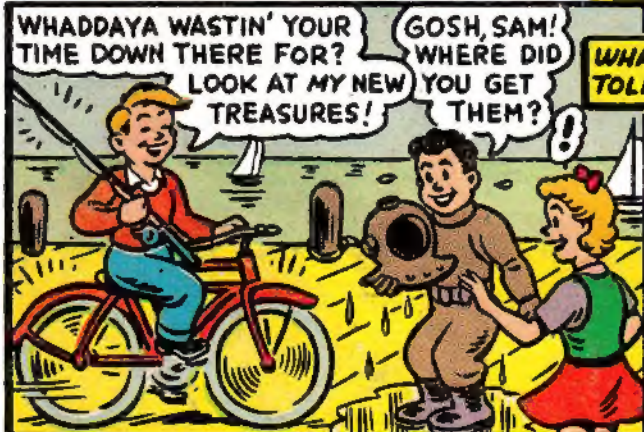
BE FIRST

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW YOU GET TREASURES!

GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM.



Telescopes, Wallets, Wagons. Mail coupon.

ACT NOW

BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!

HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!



LET'S GO!

ACT FAST! Swim Masks, Flashlights, Cameras, Dresser Sets, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles, Bibles.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WE TRUST YOU!

OUR 59th YEAR!

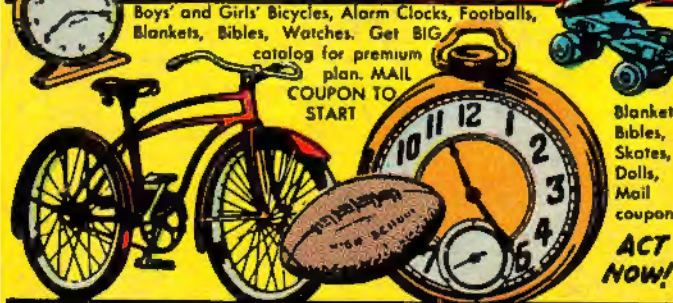
MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. JP-39, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen. Please send me an trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST _____ R D _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO _____ STATE _____

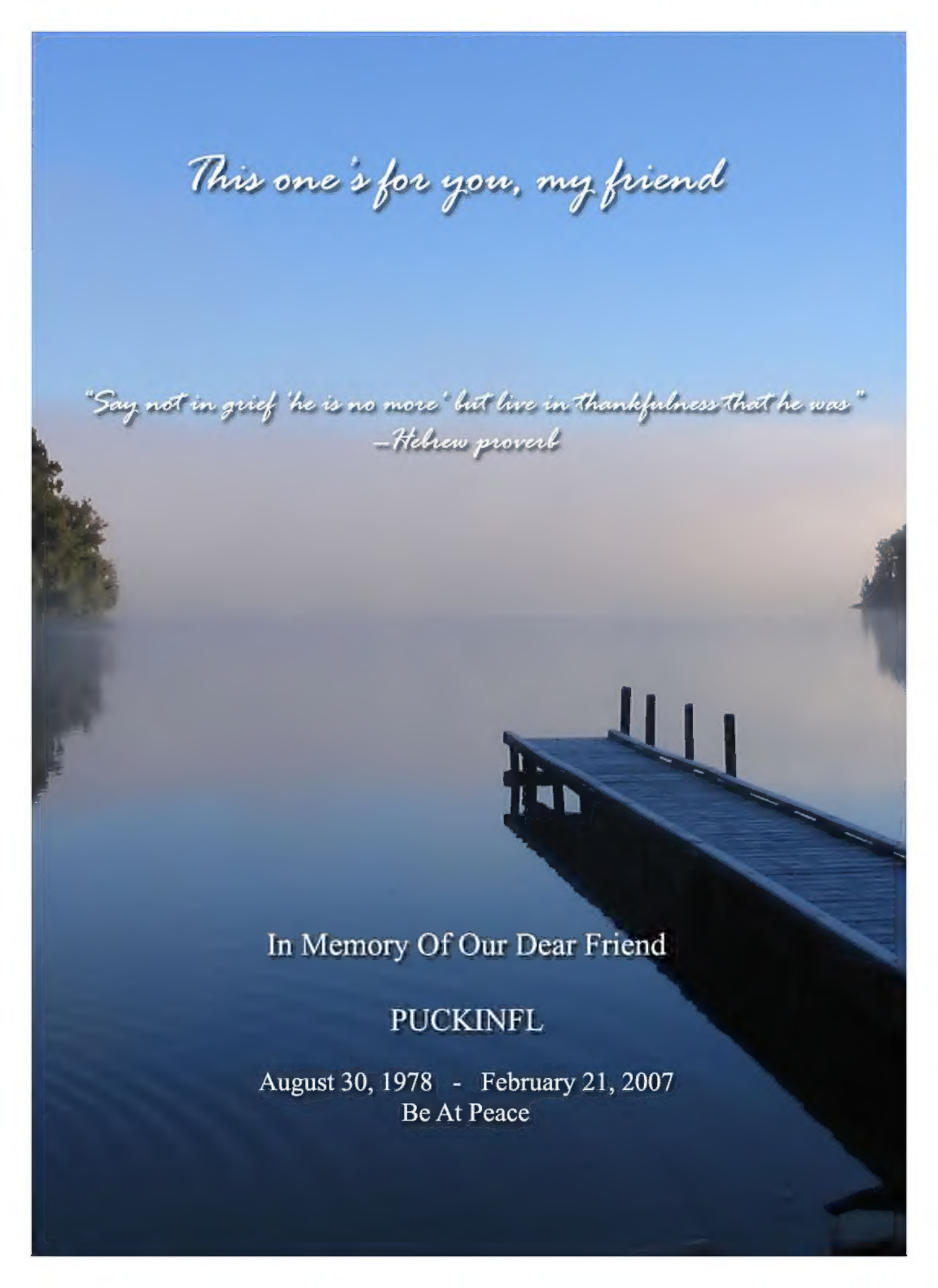
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



Blankets, Bibles, Skates, Dolls, Mail coupon.

ACT NOW!

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL



This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
—Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace



Continuity Publishing

NEXT...

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